John Bull, October 11, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

No. 1269.
Vol. XLVIII.

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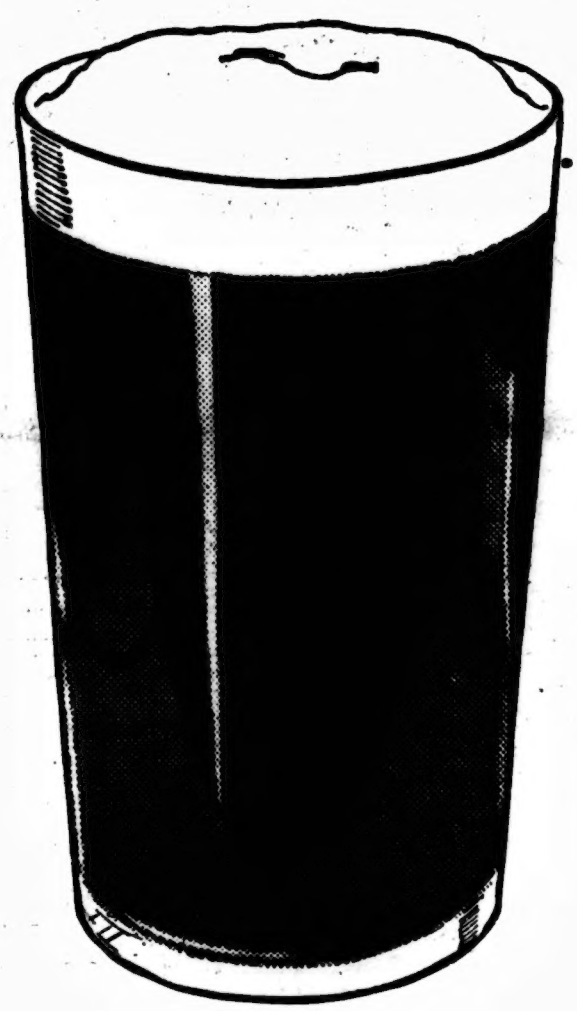

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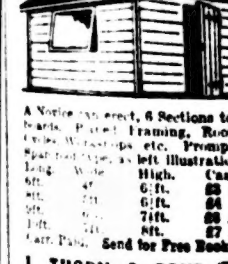

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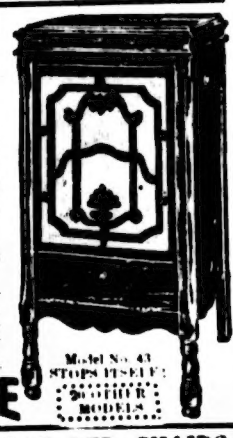

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All double bed size.

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MORE POSTAL BARGAIN OFFERS appear on PAGE 10

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For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Oct., 11, 1930. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THE R 101 disaster turns another glorious and tragic page in the history of our fight to conquer the air.

Only by accidents of this magnitude are we reminded that our men—even our women—engaged in this work are of the great heroic mould.

JOHN BULL joins with the nation in mourning their loss and in the deepest expressions of sympathy with their relatives.

* * *

There is to be an official inquiry.

We hope that inquiry will be conducted in the highest spirit of investigation, and that those outside its scope will not poke among the glorious ruins to find a scapegoat.

There is a greater issue than this: it is the question whether the lighter-than-air machine can ever be useful or safe for commerce or war.

This issue JOHN BULL has already challenged and we repeat that it is a matter of the gravest national concern.

Slow-motion session

It looks like being a look-before-you-leap session in the House. Both the Imperial Conference and the India Round Table Conference might upset any rigid plans.

Some things are certain, however: the reintroduction of the Consumers' Council Bill, the Bill to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen, and that to amend the Trades Disputes Act of 1926.

The last-named may prove the "snag" of the session, for the Opposition will fight tooth-and-nail to prevent the restoration of the old political levy system and the removal of the prohibition on general strikes.

No Whistle

The eleventh assembly of the League of Nations has ended as it began, in gloom.

The political pendulum in Europe is swing back to exaggerated nationalism. The peace clock may chime, but it no longer ticks.

Countries are forgetting the lessons of the war and reverting to pre-war tactics. The League finds itself like a policeman with a big beat and no whistle.

M. Briand is fighting a losing battle against Tardieu and Poincaré, and the policy of Locarno is going by the board.

* * *

Herr Curtius, the successor of Stresemann, is hampered by the jingoistic results of the German elections, and Great Britain can do nothing, for the forces have been so strong that Lord Cecil has been beaten in every direction.

It is a depressing record—disarmament postponed, war still within the law, tariff barriers mounting, big issues shirked.

Progress profiteers

As JOHN BULL foreshadowed a fortnight ago, Mr. Morrison's ambitious scheme to co-ordinate the whole of the London traffic is now 100 per cent. in the limelight.

But the Government must be exceptionally vigilant lest it is asked to pay exorbitant prices for the undertakings to be taken over.

Professional investors are already busy buying stock in the concerns to be amalgamated, and have been doing their best to increase their market value.

Holders hope by these means to obtain a favoured position in the proposed new Public Corporation.

If overburdened by interest on too much capital at the start, the venture may find itself handicapped to an extent which would impair the aimed-at efficiency.

A Lead for the R101 Inquiry

A League of Disappointment

Behind Hitler

Lord Birkenhead

Few of the obituary articles in the daily Press on the late Lord Birkenhead did real justice to his memory.

We knew him well

One would imagine from them that there was more scintillation than solid metal in his composition, and that he was a careerist rather than an outstanding public figure.

The truth is that Lord Birkenhead was the most gifted legal genius of this generation, and that only brevity of political tenure prevented him from leaving his mark as one of the very greatest Lord Chancellors in our history.

We mourn his passing. We knew him well.

Think twice, Sir William

There is a feeling of regret in Labour circles that Sir William Morris has become entangled with the political schemes of the new Council of Industry.

It rather damps the ardour of the newer element of the Party who believe that the Government ought to frame several proved business successes like Sir William into an Industrial Cabinet, giving them full power to carry out the radical reorganisation of certain basic industries.

Their job would be to cut out the dead wood and squeeze the water from capital.

Lest we forget

A disaster such as the explosion at Grove Pit, Norton Canes, Staffs, must be a poignant prick to the conscience of those who begrudge the miners their just due.

Fourteen men killed in a flash, their widows and children sleeping the whole night through in ignorance of their fate. Thirteen left widows and twenty-four left fatherless. Despair in fourteen homes.

It is only at such times that the general public appreciates the heroism of those who daily face death on the coal-face for a pittance. It does all of us good to remember.

When the Duce dies

Secret plotting is going on in Italy with the object of rebuilding the Labour organisations disbanded by Mussolini.

They cannot overthrow him

The organisers have no immediate hope of being able to overthrow the Duce's regime, but they are determined that, at his death, they will have an organisation as powerful as the Fascist framework he leaves behind him.

Then there will be a dramatic and dangerous battle for power.

Italians abroad are actively involved in the plot, and one reactionary group meets regularly in secret in the Soho district of London.

Home fires flicker

In at least one of the marketing schemes submitted to the Government under the recent Coal Mines Act the owners are seeking power to levy a tax on coal for home use, the proceeds to be devoted to subsidising exported coal.

Mr. Graham is known to be sympathetic towards the plan, and is likely to give it his blessing.

A penny or so a ton on home coal raised in the district concerned would provide a fund big enough to enable it to recapture many of the overseas markets lost in the last few years.

Bill without coo

There is little likelihood that the Bill to establish a general eight-hour day will reappear in the early part of the coming session.

It was thought when the Bill was drafted that all trade union difficulties had been surmounted, but new ones have now arisen.

The rivalry between the railway and transport unions in connection with railway-controlled transport services is the main stumbling-block.

The absence of an agreement between them on the question of road transport may hold up the Bill for some time.

Pensions for three!

Old-age pensions are a wonderful institution, but——

Why wait until you're sixty-five for an assured weekly income for the rest of your life? Whatever your age may be, you can qualify for a £5 weekly Life Pension in "Bullets" this week.

We are already paying cheques every Saturday to two "Bullets" Pensioners. Now the record contest launched on page 39 is to decide the winners of a further Three Life Pensions.

May we send you a cheque every Saturday for the rest of your life?

"Tiddly Hitler"

Adolf Hitler is Germany's Mussolini—by sole permission of that "Rothermere" of the Fatherland, Herr von Hugenberg. When Hugenberg pulls the strings, Adolf does his little show like the poor puppet he is.

Hugenberg is a man of vast possessions. He controls the great Scherl publishing concern, two leading Berlin journals, eleven provincial dailies, a score of other publications and the U.F.A., the powerful German film company.

Here are the sinews of war without which Adolf Hitler could not have won his hundred seats. He retains his present power through the same patronage.

Should this be withdrawn, the Hitler rocket will crash back to earth—a burnt stick.

Bank Boors

The timidity and selfishness of the banks—particularly in times like these—is astounding.

They have tons of money lying idle, but traders wishing to revive business or finance developments must go to them cap in hand and pay at least 4 per cent. for accommodation.

Their disclosed reserves alone are equal to the paid-up capital, but everyone knows that there are secret reserves at their disposal when needed.

They could very well lend many more millions without jeopardising the safety-mark. But they still stick to the antiquated principle that the "Old Lady" mustn't show her ankle!

The tide rising

As the impending onslaught on wages draws nearer, workers in the railway, building, mining, boot, agricultural and other industries are gloomily contemplating what might be their sorry lot.

* * *

Many of the farm-workers who are being asked to accept reductions are getting only a shade over 30s. a week. In the mining industry things are not much better—40s. to 50s. for a week's work being commonplace.

The unions do not want to fight, but the rank and file are making it clear to the leaders that they will not tolerate further reductions, whatever the consequences.

Still going strong

The triumphant progress of the British aircraft industry continues.

A new heavy commercial aeroplane is now on the market which promises to end the Continental and American monopoly in this type of machine.

The United States Navy Department has been actually compelled to buy three "H" type Rolls-Royce engines for experimental purposes—presumably.

Large orders are confidently expected to follow this purchase.

The Slave Emperor

The Duke of Gloucester leaves England next week to take part in the coronation of Ras Tafari, the ruler of Abyssinia.

He can render great service

The new Emperor is more enlightened than his predecessors, but in his dominions there are two million slaves, and brutal raids by alien slavers are common occurrences.

The son of our King will no doubt see slaves in the Emperor's household living under seemingly good conditions. Yet Ras Tafari must know that the world has set its face against this degrading system of human bondage.

The Duke of Gloucester can by his influence render a great service to Abyssinia and the world.

Times change

What has happened to those war medals which have not been claimed by ex-Service men who served in the Great War?

On enquiry at the War Office we were informed that it is impossible to say how many have not yet claimed their decorations.

We seem to remember that the War Office was well able in 1914-18 to state how many were earning them.

Nothing like that

There is nothing snobbish about the stork at Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital.

Our recent reference to the fact that of the 2,360 in-patients last year 444 were unmarried women with their first child has invoked enquiries as to whether there is any preferential treatment.

Most decidedly not. No one except the matron and the almoner is aware of the difference in status.

Any impression to the contrary may have arisen through the fact that many years ago unmarried mothers wore a bed-jacket of a different colour. To-day the treatment of one is the treatment of all.

Incidentally, there is no charity more worthy of your thoughts than this national mother-saving institution.

Ask the cow

What is the value of the tuberculin test for cows?

A reader who supplies Grade "A" milk regularly disposes of all cows which fail to pass the tuberculin test.

Neighbours who buy these rejects at bargain prices find them excellent milkers and sell the produce readily—of course, without a Grade "A" certificate.

Recently, a barren cow from such a farm was slaughtered and found to be riddled with tuberculosis. This beast had passed three recent tests without showing any reactions.

Another dirty game

Action is needed to protect taxi-drivers from female cheats who "bilk" them by means of a form of blackmail.

One London cabby has written to the Commissioner of Police pointing out that when he remonstrated with a woman who refused to pay her fare she alleged in front of a crowd and a policeman that he had improperly assaulted her.

She refused her address, and, because of this, the Commissioner has informed him that he does not see how the policeman could have intervened.

He agrees, however, that the driver

"IF YOU SEE IT"—

Continued

"labours under a considerable grievance."

When all the time it ought to be the woman labouring hard in Holloway.

Leading the world

In mechanical slaughter apparatus we are now leading the world.

Liverpool Corporation is now completing its new abattoir, which is the biggest, most efficient, and up to date. It will slaughter 11,400 animals a day.

Until recently America supplied the greater part of the mechanical slaughter apparatus but now our firms are securing contracts.

How much longer?

In a recent issue we suggested that, in the interests of clean municipal government, a statement should be published with regard to the firm carrying out borough contracts at Abingdon, although its responsible head is a member of the town council.

Since July 12, the council has held two meetings, but not one word has been made public, and many of the councillors say that they know nothing of the case.

Now what about it?

All's well!

Last week we addressed a Candid Communication to General Higgins expressing our confidence that he would hasten to remove the fallacious appearance of a vendetta against the family of the late General Booth.

He has hastened to do so, and we are assured that there is not, and never has been, any desire to elbow members of the Booth family out of England.

Moreover, it seems that the officers' councils which coincided with the farewell gathering in honour of Staff-Captain Wycliffe Booth were arranged for some time ago.

We are happy to know that General Higgins is doing his best to co-operate with the Booths, and that they will have their rightful place in the army which will for ever be associated with their name.

Then and now

In July, 1926, Mr. F. O. Roberts stated that the policy of the Ministry of Pensions should be to render justice, and that all regulations should be interpreted in a broad spirit of common-sense and humanity.

We offer him the opportunity

Now that he is Minister of Pensions he has the opportunity of instructing his subordinates to execute this admirable policy.

At the moment we are interested in three cases in which badly disabled men have been deprived, between them, of arrears of pension amounting to £300.

Full details of these cases are at the disposal of Mr. Roberts if he desires that they be dealt with in the manner he advocated four years ago.

Fire!—police!

Progressive officers of our fire brigades welcome JOHN BULL's recent exposure of the hopelessly disorganised state of the fire-fighting services.

When the fire chiefs met in conference at Morecambe Bay strong demands were made for a nationalised fire service on the lines of the proposed new linking-up of police services.

Fire and police protection are kindred services. The Government has here a splendid opportunity of making one big, clean job of two essential reforms.

Shrapnel infection

Our recent exposure of conditions in the hop-field and the incidence of smallpox there has been much quoted in local papers.

Dr. Nicol Galbraith, medical officer for South-West Kent, who has detected twenty-six cases of smallpox in his own area, says that it is not only the local population which has been exposed to infection.

Many "carriers" have returned from the hop-fields bearing contagion to their home districts.

Admittedly migratory pickers are a problem. But it recurs every year, and it is scandalous that the combined efforts of the Ministry of Health and a prosperous industry have not yet evolved satisfactory conditions.

Woman to woman

Mrs. Lister, wife of Rifleman E. Lister, "A" Coy., K.R.R., Outram Barracks, Lucknow, is in a bad way.

She was inoculated and vaccinated with a view to joining her husband in India, and then the delicate health of her baby compelled her to stay at home.

Consequently her marriage allowance was stopped. The poor woman was left destitute, and until arrangements for her husband to make her a voluntary allowance mature, the Army authorities can do nothing for her.

Another poor woman, Mrs. E. Fletcher, of Church Street, Shiney Row, Philadelphia, Co. Durham, has saved Mrs. Lister from starvation.

It's only the poor that help the poor.

And how!

They think big, these American business men. And they shout the odds when they have made them worth shouting about. They are proud of a great concern and of the country in which it thrives.

There has just been erected atop the Palmolive building in Chicago a two-billion candle-power "Lindbergh Beacon," the glare of which can be seen by an aviator 300 miles away!

A tribute to the lone Atlantic flyer, a boon to pilots, a boost to business, a triumph of science, all rolled into one.

Well, couldn't we just do with a little of that spirit in trade over here?

Fight the floods

We suggest that better protection against floods should be afforded to the inhabitants of the Trent Valley.

The recent deluge in Lincolnshire was expected, since high tides come at this time of the year, and a large quantity of fresh water, due to heavy rains, had flowed into the river.

The doors of the houses were barricaded, but the barricades were swept away.

The vital thing, however, is to strengthen the banks of the Trent, which gave way in a number of places, and to provide a proper outlet for storm-water.

Bleeding debtors white

When is the Government going to end the scandal of courts like the City of London, the Liverpool Court of Passage, and the Salford Court of Record, which have degenerated into cost-collecting agencies for legal harpies?

Cases which could be settled for a trifling sum in a county court are taken to these special courts, because the fees are based on the High Court scale.

* * *

In a City of London Court claim which was settled before hearing, the costs on a £70 claim amounted to £41 after taxation—and not a witness was called.

The case is typical of hundreds, and while the judges and officials are of the highest, the fees at these courts encourage legal leeches of the worst type.

He gives quickly

The Harkness millions which have been presented to a committee of politicians for the benefit of Britain will not be applied to any particular object for some considerable time.

* * *

Meanwhile, a much more direct American gift has not received any Press publicity.

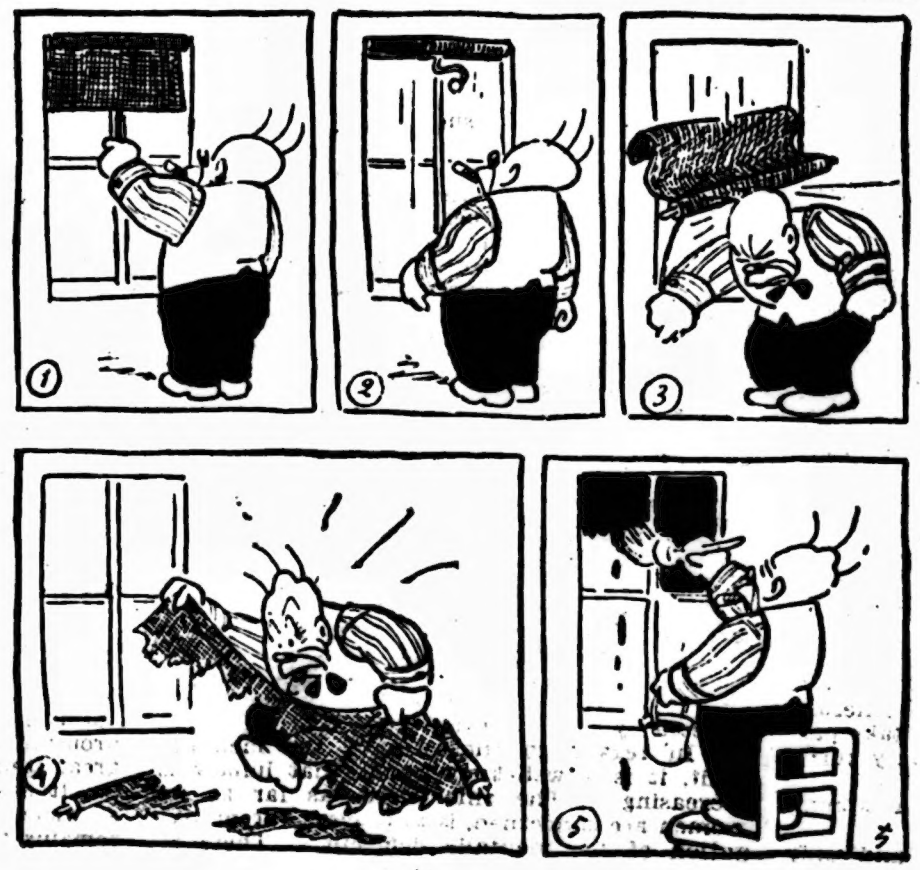
Samuel Insull, of Chicago, is paying for the cost of enlarging the London Temperance Hospital, to the extent of £32,000.

In the prevailing industrial depression all hope of raising the necessary funds had been abandoned by the Appeal Committee.

Its chairman, Mr. Herbert Syrett, mentioned the matter to Mr. Insull, whose munificent generosity immediately solved the difficulty.

Here's our hand, Sam!

ADAMSON'S— —Blind Rage



What WOMEN WANT Now!

by

LADY TRUSTRAM EVE, J.P., L.C.C.

(Hon. Treasurer, National Council of Women of Great Britain)

AT Portsmouth this week seven hundred members of the National Council of Women of Great Britain are discussing the manifold problems which are affecting millions of their sex to-day in every branch of public and domestic life.

The twelve resolutions discussed at Portsmouth embrace subjects of intimate concern to all thinking women. Some of the most important, such as those relating to sexual offences against children and the solicitation laws, call for new legislation.

More women police are essential. They can undertake certain police duties far more suitably than men, especially in taking statements from women and children, whether victims or witnesses, in cases connected with sexual offences.

In regard to those two social evils, juvenile crime and prostitution, they are able to perform preventive work of the highest public value.

But at present there are only 166 policewomen in England and Scotland—actually seventeen in Scotland—and none in Wales.

Against this, certain evils with which they could deal or prevent are on the increase. This is particularly true in the instance of criminal abortion.

Watch the children

A WIDER watchfulness which additional women police would provide would soon improve the situation. In a very short time public conscience would be aroused to such a degree that the present unrestricted sale of instruments and drugs—openly sold and advertised—for illegal purposes would cease.

More women police are certainly needed in other directions, such as attending women and children at court, watching female prisoners—cases of attempted suicide, and the like—and searching, escorting and supervising women prisoners.

In these things policewomen are better equipped for duty than policemen. They are able to get round those subtle barriers of sex with which men are powerless to deal.

In regard to the vexed question of the solicitation laws, we want to repeal the existing legislation and substitute a simple enactment of general application, making it an offence for any person, whether man or woman, to annoy or molest any other person in any street or public place.

We are also pressing for changes in the prison system for women. I think few people will deny that the present system causes irreparable harm, especially to young girls and first offenders.

It is an antiquated system. We want, as a beginning, the establishment of an experimental institution conducted on the lines of cottage-homes, providing for women prisoners all the facilities for domestic and other training and for outdoor work.

Her touch in court

TO conclude our demands in this province, we want more women magistrates appointed.

It is now ten years since the first women magistrates were appointed in Great Britain. During that period it has come to be generally accepted that women are required to take part in the work of the courts of summary jurisdiction.

Many courts are still without a woman and progress in filling gaps is slow.

There are a thousand courts and only 2,100 women Justices of the Peace, out of a total of about 23,000.

The suggestion that a special rota should be formed for the service of the Juvenile Court, consisting of men and women Justices with special qualifications for the work, was made in a Home Office circular of April, 1921.

In response to a questionnaire sent out by the Home Secretary in 1925, it was reported that 236 courts were actually without women magistrates.

In 1927 the Departmental Committee on Young Offenders recommended that each petty sessional division should elect each year a small panel of men and women justices to sit in the Juvenile Court, and added:

"The qualities which are needed in every magistrate who sits in a juvenile court are a love of young people, sympathy with their interests, and an imaginative insight into their difficulties."

This recommendation of the committee was subsequently endorsed in a Home Office circular in September, 1927, but it is not yet possible to comply with these repeated recommendations, since, as I have shown above, women justices are still not available in a large number of courts.

Wives for sale

ONE of the most important resolutions discussed at Portsmouth relates to the widespread existence of cruel and degrading conditions of slavery among women of non-European races in British territories to men of their own tribes.

In spite of our declared intention to abolish it, the Chinese system of Mui-tsai, or girl slaves, is still going on under our administration in Hong-Kong.

A form of slavery exists in some of our African territories concerning the purchase of girls in marriage.

It is a custom almost universal among the native races of Africa, and so closely bound up with their ideas and social practices, that the only mode of approach would seem to be through the minds of the natives themselves by the spread of enlightenment and education among the more progressive tribes and their chiefs.

Of the remaining resolutions, those relating to the care of the mentally unfit, the kinema, and the conditions of employment in the Civil Service are worth some comment, since hundreds of thousands of women are affected by them in every branch of life.

In regard to the care of the mentally unfit, it is a well-known fact that lunacy is increasing. The chief need, as far as we women are concerned, is to prevent the propagation of the mentally deficient. There is, however, a strong division of opinion as to the means to adopt to this end.

The unfair conditions of women employment in the Civil Service are gradually being adjusted, but much still remains to be done. The marriage bar should be abolished, and women should be eligible to fill posts overseas.

There are no women in the Consular and Diplomatic Service. This is a strange state of affairs, when we remember how many women travel abroad, and frequently find themselves in circumstances of difficulty in which the assistance of a woman with official status would be most valuable.

An increasing number of women are travelling for business purposes, and there is no reason to believe that women of this type, well educated and familiar with many languages, would not be found exceedingly valuable in our embassies and consulates as commercial representatives of their country.

We shall, of course, continue to press for changes in the present laws regarding the nationality of married women, and to this end a Bill has been framed which all women, and men, should support.

Up to the women

IT restores to women a right taken from them in 1870 of retaining their British nationality on marriage with an alien, and the same right of choice with respect to her nationality as a man.

The present nationality law treats women as chattels, whose consent is unnecessary when allocating them citizenship, which frequently involves the loss of political rights, including the vote, freedom of movement within her own country, and her own country's protection when abroad.

While these are some, they are by no means all the reforms necessary to improve the status of women. I feel, however, that by arousing public opinion in these directions a great step forward has been taken.

It lies with women themselves to interest a wider circle of their own sex in what remains to be done.

Candid Communications

HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
Buckingham Palace, London, S.W.

YOUR MAJESTY,—There is a rumour that one of your sons, perhaps Prince George, may shortly become Governor-General of a British Dominion.

I hope that rumour, in this case, does not lie. Nothing could be better calculated to strengthen the bonds between that Dominion and the home country. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD IRWIN,
Viceroy of India

MY LORD,—You probably are aware that Congress propaganda has spread and is spreading the most iniquitous lies against British rule all over India, Europe and the United States.

Might I call your attention to those valuable modern inventions, the film and the broadcast?

I suggest that a few pictures, figures and facts relating to our work in India, in education, public health, irrigation and transport, might, if published to the civilised world, materially lighten the task of your successor.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman WILLIAM PHENE NEAL,
Lord Mayor-Elect of London

DEAR ALDERMAN,—In offering you my congratulations upon your election to the highest civic office in the world, I am inspired by the sublime simplicity of your declaration regarding the duties of your exalted position.

Your motto is to be "Service"—service to the City, to the country, and to the Empire.

Following that ideal, your year of office promises to be an example to the mayoralties of the world.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY LYONS,
St. Mary's Street, Northampton

DEAR HARRY,—You're the sort of boy I like. Hearing of a job of work going, you borrowed a bicycle and scorched away so as to be first on the spot.

It is unfortunate that in your eager haste you knocked over a woman and got fined for reckless riding; but the fact that someone promptly wrote to the mayor enclosing the money to pay the fine expresses what I think of you myself.

As a shoemaker, you meant to be first, and I am sure you will stick to your last. JOHN BULL.

M. GROCK,
Berlin

MY DEAR GROCK,—I am not one of those enthusiastic Britons who, with tears in their throats, are imploring you to visit England before you retire from the stage.

Of course, you are a great, a unique, artist, and you have given me great entertainment.

But when you shook the dust of England off your feet rather than pay the super-tax on the huge sums you have earned here, and rated our authorities soundly for their impudence, I ceased to like you.

Not even a great music-hall artist is above the law. A man who can spend more than £100,000 on a palace should not dodge his legal obligations.

And, mark you, Grock, we have managed to get on very well without you. JOHN BULL.

Lord ROBERT CECIL,
Geneva

MY DEAR LORD ROBERT,—I am not so much concerned with your forecast of a change of Government as I am with your statement that this may be the last session of the League of Nations that you will attend.

You are one of the few among our elder statesmen who can be acquitted of putting party politics before the good of the State.

We cannot see ourselves properly represented at Geneva unless you are present, and we believe, whatever Government may be in power, your high services must be retained.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR CLYNES,—This habit among criminals of carrying loaded revolvers has assumed such threatening dimensions that the country looks to you for drastic action.

Try imposing penal servitude, and if that does not stem the tide of banditry, then there's the "cat."

In this country there is scarcely one man in a million outside the services and the police who has any real occasion to carry a lethal weapon.

This Chicago stuff is foreign to our land. Stamp it out—right away.

JOHN BULL.

M. RAYMOND POINCARE,
Chamber of Deputies, Paris

MONSIEUR,—Since you look very much like bobbing up into the limelight again, just a little international stage direction.

I gather from your recent speeches that you demand effective guarantees for the security of France.

All very right and proper, monsieur, but can you spare a moment to consider the wisdom of giving the British people some form of guarantee that France will pay her debts?

So long as she is a bill-bilker there will be no security for France.

JOHN BULL.

Miss EVELYN THOMPSON,
Ganstead Grove, Southcoates Est., Hull

DEAR EVELYN,—What a life! Fancy a girl of ten like you having to look after five little brothers and sisters, with your mother ill in bed and your father and big brother mostly out of work!

It's a heavy task, isn't it? And no blame attaches to you because your tiny brother Harold's clothes caught fire and he died.

That must have been terrible for you, Evelyn. And you've got to keep on all the same.

I suppose you wonder sometimes why life is so hard. And, bless you, my dear, I can't tell you.

JOHN BULL.

The Big Race Gang

A Job Fit for a Prince—Service, Not Self—A Knock for Grock

The MARQUESS OF ZETLAND,
Senior Steward, Jockey Club

DEAR LORD ZETLAND,—The Stewards of the Jockey Club have "warned off" two trainers in connection with the doping of racehorses.

The cancer of this evil, though, will not be eradicated by "warning off" just a few trainers who may or may not be guilty.

Such racing men as descend to doping are frequently only the instruments of bigger blackguards, who really make the money when a doped horse comes in first past the post.

Cannot you Stewards, in whose hands lies the whole control of British racing, find some means of catching these whales?

It is right and proper to punish the minnows if they have joined in the dirty game—but I want to see the principals warned off as well.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE CARTER,
Master, Boys' Home, Stannington

SIR,—It is monstrous that you should have got off with a fine of £5 and costs as punishment for your cruelty to young Fleck Henry Davies.

The crime of this boy of fourteen years of age was running away.

On two occasions you kept him for days in solitary confinement in a room without furniture, and fed on bread and water, and you fastened him with towels to a gymnasium-horse and chastised him with a cane before the other boys.

I should prescribe No 1 Field Punishment for you.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

SIR CHARLES MARSTON: "We must make the younger generation realise that the best sport in the world is work."

Treating work as sport is the cause of Hatry crashes.

* * *

M. BRIAND: "Germany crushed is a danger to peace."

But the French tried for ten years to crush it.

We have to apologise to Mr. William Longman, of Longmans, Green, and Co., Ltd., for associating his name with "Jokes in Joy Jackets," which appeared on page 8 in our issue of September 20 last.

We are extremely sorry for any annoyance caused to Mr. Longman or his firm by an attribution of authorship which our regular readers will have known was not meant seriously.

Not from the B.B.C.—

Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce seeks—

The ACE of SPOUSES

IF you have never met me, you
My photograph have surely seen,
And read about my eyes of blue
And golden hair of softest sheen.

By gentlemen are blondes preferred,
And I'm the most preferred of blondes;
Five husbands have my fancy stirred—
And five times have I loosed the bonds.

For since I stepped from Ziegfeld's show
To specialise in millionaires,
Two continents have come to know
About my stirring love affairs.

In spite of my attempts to find
The Perfect Husband, I've not found
The miracle I have in mind—
So for a sixth I'm looking round!

But yet by doubts am I assailed,
Because, perchance, the rumour's rife
That my five husbands likewise failed
To find in me the Perfect Wife!

I'll tell the world I'm entitled to sympathy—though, somehow, the world doesn't seem to know it.

Mine is a most affectionate nature, and I'm sure I'd make an ideal wife—if only I could find the ideal husband. As I told your noosepaper guys when I came over to lil ole London a few days ago, the perfect man isn't easy to find.

Not, of course, that I pretend to know much about men—not yet! When a girl's been married only five times she can't pretend that her matrimonial education's been carried very far. When I've had more experience I'll be in a better position to talk.

Ever since I was a lil girl I've been trying to find the perfect man, and it sort of gives one a pain in the heart to be so often disappointed.

Of course, all my husbands have been rich—the ideal husband's simply gotter be rich—and they were all charming guys in their way. But, strange to say, they all suffered from the same serious fault—they were not perfect.

My ideal is someone about thirty-five, tall, dark and rich. And, just to show that I'm not fussy, I don't care a cent about the colour of his eyes as long as I see the colour of his money.

Just at present, I tell you straight, I'm bored with men, and I'm feeling dead sorry for poor lil Peggy. Some people think that my life's been a bed of roses, but gee! there have been plenty of thorns.

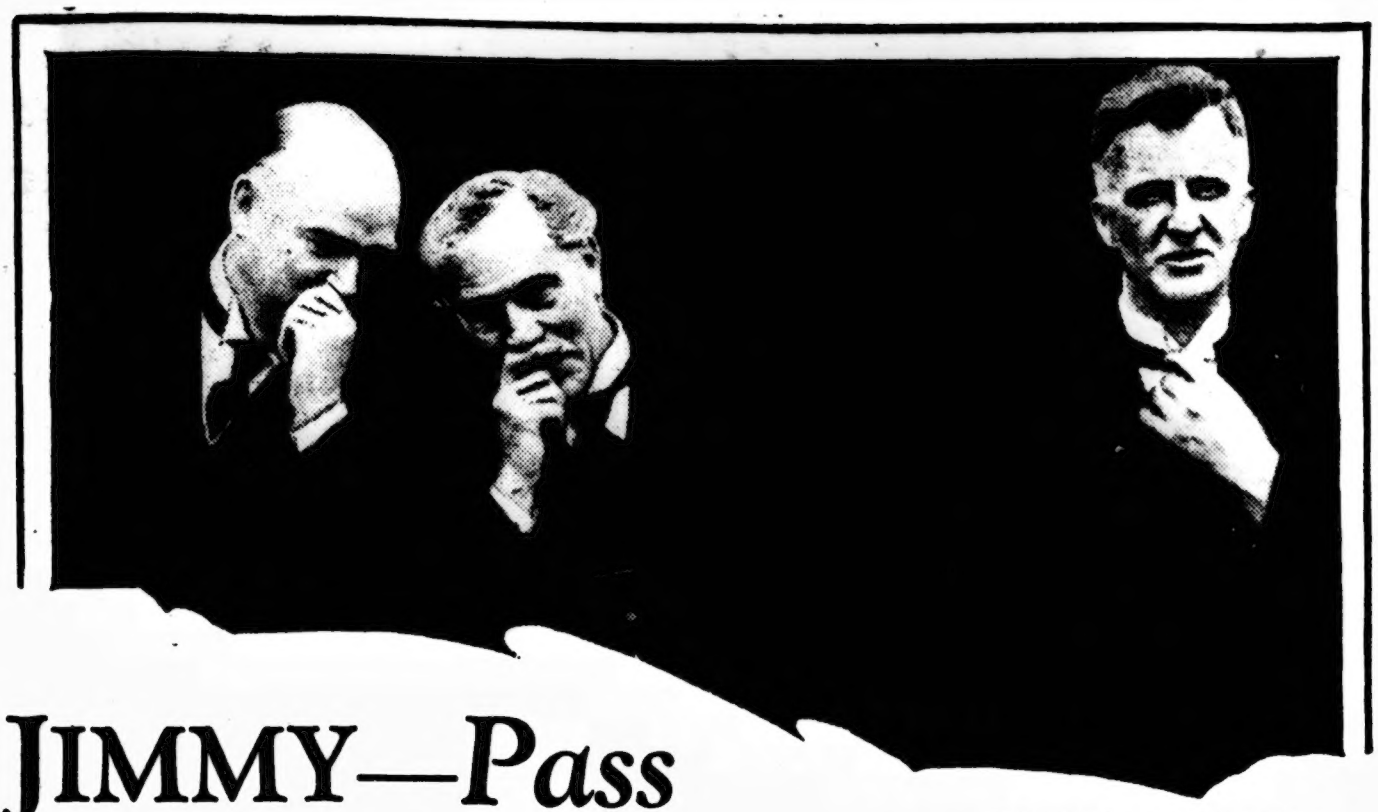
Girls who are thinking of trying to follow in my footsteps should remember what I told your Fleet Street boys, that "Being a blonde is tiring work."

Oh, life is a terrible bore for a blonde,
For she can't get a moment alone.
To keep in the limelight she's continually forced;
If not getting married, she's getting divorced,
Or declining proposals by 'phone.

When I think of how lucky some other girls are
Who have never a millionaire met—
Who don't have to grin when photographers stalk,
Or constantly think out new piffle to talk—
Then I wish I'd been born a brunette!

by A. G. GARDINER

JIMMY—*Pass the Ginger!*



"A very disapppointing lead"—the Prime Minister with Mr. Bennett (Canada) and Mr. Scullin (Australia) on his left

NOW that the Imperial Conference is launched upon its task, I make no apology for following up my remarks of last week with a few further considerations.

I am the less disposed to apologise because I share the view which is widely felt that the Government has so far given a disappointing lead to the conference, and that unless a new and more vigorous spirit is infused into it, the results will be unworthy of the great opportunity that is offered.

There is a lack in the agenda of any evidence of clear thinking and energetic policy.

It bears the impress, not of the driving-power of ideas, but of the perfunctory fulfilment of a duty which has to be done but from which little is expected.

This is unfortunate for two reasons. In the first place, the present is the first Imperial Conference that has been held under the auspices of a Labour Government, and it would be lamentable if the only impression left behind it was that Labour was indifferent to the Empire and had no policy in regard to it.

There is no section of the community which has a greater bread-and-butter interest in the Dominions than Labour

Unused millions

That interest is not confined to the question of developing our trade, important as that is; beyond this aspect of the matter and bound up with it is the fact that we need more elbow-room for our population.

We have over two millions of unemployed. We cannot permanently carry so heavy a load of consuming, but unproductive, citizens.

It follows that the flow of emigration which has been checked since the war should be resumed on well-considered lines, and, on the face of it, there is no country in the world so amply provided with the means of finding room for its surplus population in favourable conditions as we are.

Canada, South Africa, Australia offer us an incomparable field for emigration, to the mutual advantage both of ourselves and the Dominions.

It is this consideration that should make a practical Imperial policy of special importance to Labour.

But I see no evidence in the programme of the conference, or in anything that Mr. Thomas has said on the subject, to suggest that the Government has really grappled with the problem or has any practical scheme to offer for its solution.

And the second ground for regret at the poverty of ideas exhibited is the critical position the British Commonwealth is in to-day.

The last Imperial Conference made history. Not to put too fine a point on it, it put us in our place.

It wiped out the last traces of the political subjection of the Dominions to the Mother Country. It established the formula of absolute equality between the Dominions and Great Britain.

Even the right of secession is recognised. Any Dominion can leave the community if it chooses to do so without a "by your leave."

That was inevitable, and it was politically wise even if it had not been inevitable. The immediate evidence of its wisdom is its effect in South Africa in diminishing, if it has not entirely extinguished, the clamour for secession.

The next step is to strengthen the structure of the Empire on its new basis.

What is that step to be? It cannot be a political step. The idea of a hard-and-fast Federation under one agreed system of government has been universally discarded as impossible.

Nor can the end be achieved by tariffs. We cannot abandon our trade with foreign countries, and the Dominions will not abandon their policy of nursing their manufacturing industries by tariffs, directed against our exports almost as drastically as against those of the foreigner.

Squash politics

This does not, of course, exclude the preferential idea which within certain limits is capable of development within the Empire.

The key to the new policy is not political: it is economic co-operation.

This is no new idea. It was formulated in the final report of the Dominions Royal Commission, presided over by Lord D'Abernon, which has since been lamentably overlooked.

This commission, as the *Spectator* reminds us, put its finger on the weak spots in the organisation of the Empire, and proposed something resembling what is our present task—the Rationalisation of the Empire.

I cannot here go into all the revelation which the commission made of the lamentable lack of organisation in the Empire, and the wasted wealth and wasted opportunities that were the result.

To remedy this evil, it is not enough to have an Imperial Conference meeting once in five years. That can do nothing

What is necessary, as the D'Abernon report indicated, is a permanent Imperial machinery, Secretariat, Development Board call it what you will, that will represent all parts of the Empire, and will work continuously on the economic, trade, industrial and commercial problems that call for solution and adjustment.

Such a body, strictly non-political and having nothing to do with political issues, would put the whole economic relations of the Empire into shape, and would open up incomparable opportunities of development in a hundred directions.

Don't fear this

It would make possible the inauguration of large-scale development schemes, which, through canalisation, irrigation and electrical power, would at once provide reproductive employment for the loans of this country and open up the unexplored natural resources of the Dominions.

Such enterprises, emerging from carefully calculated possibilities, would react to our own advantage in two ways, while stimulating the prosperity of the Dominions.

They would increase employment by creating a demand for plant and machinery on the grand scale, and they would help towards the solution on sound lines of the emigration problem.

They would break down the present short-sighted hostilities which exist in some of the Dominions in regard to giving a welcome to emigrants, even of their own race and tongue.

Those hostilities, especially in Australia, arise from the fear of a surplus of labour.

It is a mistaken fear; but it persists.

It would not persist if the unexploited resources of the countries were opened up, and if well-considered schemes of collective emigration were conceived and carried through as a part of a large policy of Imperial development.

It is for the Imperial Conference to proclaim that fact by bold and courageous action. It has a great opportunity and a great responsibility.

Let it show that it is equal to both by inaugurating the new power-house of Imperial Co-operation that will bring a new era of prosperity to the whole British Commonwealth.

HEART'S MAGIC

Homely Wisdom—by
CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A VISIT I have just been paying to South Germany has awakened some reflections. It is twenty years or more since I last visited that country; I gave up going because officials were rude and English travellers were liable to insult.

Now all is changed.

I was told that this was because of the decent, kindly behaviour of our soldiers in the occupied areas after the war, which only goes to show what a tragical blunder the war was.

I still believe that the German military mind was more to blame for having caused that orgy of suffering and destruction than any other single force; but I see plainly too, that mutual prejudice, misunderstanding and fear gave the military mind the power it possessed.

Nor is the danger at an end. The military mind is still active among sections of the German people, as the recent elections prove; that fellow Hitler needs watching.

But so do the militarists in all countries, and there are plenty of them. They flourish on hate and lies.

• • •

The one effectual solvent of all human antagonisms is sympathy. Love alone is not enough; it is sympathy that enables men to get together and view each other with clear eyes.

I went to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and stayed in a private house with a quiet, warm-hearted German family. They made me feel as much at home as if I were in my own land. There is not an inhabitant of that little town who does not feel friendly to the English.

There is no miracle about it except the simple, everyday miracle of knowing one another as we really are and not as monsters of a jaundiced imagination.

If we could only practise this in all the relations of life we should soon have a sweeter world.

• • •

A young man, Siegfried Sassoon, who went through the war as a junior British infantry officer, has published his memoirs of it.

He says that many shy young fellows like himself, belonging to different social grades, escaped from their egotism through sharing hardship and strain. To their surprise they found they had a common life and were thankful for it.

It is just the same in our daily intercourse with one another in the numerous reactions that make up existence. Would there be any family jars, unfortunate marriages, schisms between friends if the searchlight of sympathy were turned on?

Looking back on my own life, I can see how often I have been mistaken in my estimate of another person's worth through failure to view him sympathetically.

Think hardly of any man and you cannot possibly judge him rightly; his image is distorted in the mirror of your mind.

No person is self-sufficient; none can afford to do without human companionship; many are kept unhappy through having no background of fellowship to their lives.

What is missing? Just the tender touch of heart upon heart.

C.A.V. The ORIGINAL Jelly Acid Non-Spillable Cell

The popularity of the C.A.V. Jelly Acid Battery is not explained by the mere fact that it contains jelly electrolyte—there are other jelly electrolyte batteries! There are three reasons why the C.A.V. is the most effective non-spillable yet produced.

THE JELLY ACID. Its composition is unknown outside our own laboratories. It maintains perfect contact with the whole of the plate surfaces, yet allows unrestricted gassing when on charge. It is chemically pure, and allows maximum conductivity.

THE CONTAINER. Of special construction, contains a baffle plate and moistening pad, which serves the triple purpose of arresting acid spray during charge, feeding the electrolyte with moisture to maintain an even consistency, and definitely confines the jelly to the plate chamber.

THE PLATES. These have been specially developed to give the utmost possible capacity when used with C.A.V. Jelly acid.

THE WHOLE. The C.A.V. is the lightest, cleanest, and most compact non-spillable on the market. By avoiding cumbersome acid traps, the greatest possible capacity for bulk is obtained.

—and BEST

May we send you copy of our latest Catalogue giving particulars of all types of C.A.V H.T and L.T Accumulators. Write to Dept. D. 4.

C.A. Vandervell & Co. Ltd. ACTON, LONDON W.3.

Perfect for Portables

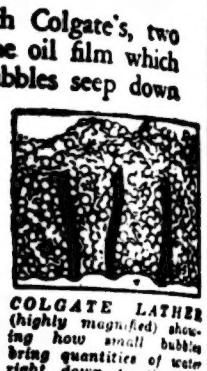
Colgate lather softens the beard completely ... before the razor starts its work

FEEL your face after a Colgate shave and you can tell the difference immediately—you have had a cleaner and a better shave—a shave that will last longer. The difference is due to Colgate "small bubble" lather.

When you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film which covers each hair; 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through the beard and soak it soft with water. Your beard is scientifically softened right down to the base, softened where the razor does its work.

That is why thousands of men prefer a Colgate longer-lasting shave every morning. There is no need to shave again in the evening.

ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER (highly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which cannot bring sufficient water to soften the base of the beard.



COLGATE LATHER (highly magnified) showing how small bubbles bring quantities of water right down to the base of each whisker.

Shaving Stick and Refill, 10d. In Nickel Box, 1/-. Handy-grip Stick, 1/6.

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

'Gives a shave that lasts 2 hours longer

PERFECT IRONING AT HOME YOURS FOR 3/6 DOWN

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REAL WAVES IN 2 DAYS! Originally 10/- NOW 3/- Pocket Size.

Waves Hair, Keeps it Healthy, and grows it where there's None. For Baldness, Greyness, Falling Hair, All Hair Troubles. Pocket size 3s. 6d., post free, large size (double power) 6s. *Obtainable only from*

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The Fire complete not a fitting

PRICE 20/-.

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Makers of the famous "Foresight" Grates.

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Trade Enquiries Invited.

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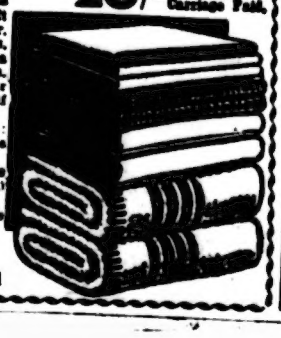
BEDDING 20/- Complete Carriage Paid.



No housewife can afford to ignore this extraordinary offer. Better value could not be obtained at double the price. 1 pr. Soft Woolly Blankets. 1 pr. Heavy Twill Sheets. 1 Beautiful Alhambra Quilt. 2 Pillow Cases. 1 Bolster Case. Your money refunded if dissatisfied.

"John Bull" says: "This Bedding is value for money."

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CAPTAIN RENWICK: *Disclosures*

COUNTLESS people, particularly those interested in sporting matters, have doubtless been greatly impressed by the series of "exposures" of grey-hound racing irregularities recently made by a Captain **W. L. Renwick** in a national daily paper.

The captain was presented to his readers as a man of high integrity, being described as a recognised figure in the sporting world; the former treasurer of the Glamorganshire County Cricket Club; a noted hockey and Rugby football player, and as one of the most accomplished trainers in the greyhound-racing world.

Openly, fearlessly, and utterly unbiased, readers were to conclude, the captain's object was to reveal secrets of all the corrupt practices which besmirch the new sport.

The references to the captain's fine record and the lofty sentiments of the articles themselves suggested that he was well qualified to intervene in the public interest.

A *monstrous pose*

We regret to say, however, that Captain Renwick's sole claim in this direction lies in the fact that he himself has not always by any means played the game.

That his pretence that he wrote the articles "for the good of racing" is a monstrous pose can soon be shown.

For months he has been the subject of very serious allegations regarding discreditable and dishonest conduct.

"I think," remarked one of his victims to JOHN BULL, "he should be made to clear up his own affairs first, before, in the guise of a public-spirited man, interfering with other people's."

Captain Renwick was dismissed from the Wimbledon Stadium, where he had been a trainer, a day or two before his series of articles commenced.

He attempted to account for this dismissal by asserting that it had been brought about "by purely personal grounds."

Never-never cheque

The truth is that his directors were tired of receiving endless complaints regarding his disgraceful conduct from creditors and others upon whom he had imposed.

Let us reveal this critical "sportsman" in his true colours.

He was in evidence some time ago, as the nephew of Sir George Renwick, Bart., the famous shipowner, at a London repository auction, where he purchased several greyhounds.

Believing him to be the man of standing he passed as, and knowing him to be a properly licensed dog-trainer, the officials permitted him to take away the animals on the understanding that he would forward his cheque in settlement at once.

No cheque was ever forthcoming, but the captain did not hesitate to sell the greyhounds he had thus obtained.

All efforts to get this self-styled "sportsman" to pay up failed.

Bad beginning

Even a firm of solicitors has been unable to obtain satisfaction, for ignoring solicitors' letters is an old weakness of the captain's.

He has played ducks and drakes with creditors almost from the time he was first granted a licence by the National Greyhound Racing Club two years ago.

He started his career as a trainer at Clapton Stadium, and was soon in hot water over insubordinate conduct arising from a dispute as to whether a dog was really in a fit state to run or not.

The directors decided to dismiss the captain.

But, with characteristic finesse, he induced them to reinstate him as a special concession.

The effect was only to delay dismissal, for meanwhile complaints from creditors grew numerous, and when Renwick started making unwarranted statements in public he was finally told to go.

Before this happened, however, he had suffered the ignominy of being summoned before the stewards of the National Greyhound Racing Club on two separate occasions to answer certain grave charges.

One involved the sale of false pedigrees to an Irishman named O'Carroll, who has now been warned off, while the other concerned the confused identity of two dogs—"Sweet Kilbarry" and "Funny Champion"—which were under his care at Clapton

It was perhaps fortunate for Renwick that the National Greyhound Racing Club was a comparatively new organisation at that time, lacking the facilities which now exist for investigating cases of this kind.

"In the guise of a public-spirited man"—Captain Renwick

Judge Spencer Hogg recently made an order against Renwick for arrears of alimony

The then stewards did not consider the evidence against Renwick on the false pedigree charge sufficient to warrant his being warned off; but the present stewards have long felt it monstrous that he was not effectively dealt with then.

As it was, he escaped with a severe admonition on the charge of confused identity.

Officer—and gentleman!

While at Clapton he figured most unfavourably in a case heard by Judge Cluer at Whitechapel County Court.

A dog, previously owned by a Mr. Goldstein, had been sold under the hammer to a Mr. Burchell on the understanding that it was a good and prosperous runner.

Under Renwick's training at Clapton, it proved to be quite the reverse, and Burchell refused to pay for it.

Renwick was called to prove that it was a worthless animal—having previously said so to the purchaser immediately after the sale—but with a careless disregard of the actual records of its running, he maintained, for some reason, that it was really quite good.

At the conclusion of the case the judge caustically observed that he had hitherto understood that a person holding His Majesty's commission was a gentleman, but that in view of Captain Renwick's conduct in court, he seemed to have been in error.

Following his dismissal from Clapton, Renwick went to Portsmouth, where a stadium was opened under the expert guidance of that pioneer in greyhound-racing, Major Lyne Dixson.

Renwick's reign at Portsmouth was very brief, and Major Lyne Dixson subsequently declared that he would certainly never employ him again, as settlement of accounts could only be obtained with the greatest difficulty, and he had left his kennels in a "disreputable condition."

Renwick next went to Wimbledon Stadium, from which he has now been similarly dismissed.

His record from Portsmouth onwards grows most interesting.

When the Wimbledon Stadium applied to the National Greyhound Racing Club for a licence for Renwick, the application was at first refused for two reasons:

It was held that Renwick was not a fit and proper person to hold the position of trainer on a licensed track, and that complaints were still coming in to the club regarding his debts to tradespeople.

Later, Renwick appeared before the stewards, and upon his undertaking to settle his debts forthwith, he was again shown clemency and his licence was granted.

Under a false name

Yet with all these opportunities for retrieving his reputation, Renwick has not chosen to alter his ways.

In the present year alone he has had to appear before the stewards of the National Greyhound Racing Club on four different charges.

One concerned a dog called "Rhyolite," which while under his care at Wimbledon was sent to Ireland and raced in a false name.

Another concerned a renowned dog called "Rotten Row."

This is illuminating, for in his articles Renwick referred to the recent running of this animal as being one of the cases he had unavailingly asked the stewards to investigate.

His impudence in publishing such statements is apparent when we say that this very dog was run by him at the Clapton Stadium in a flagrantly dishonest manner in a race for a gold cup.

Renwick actually signed the forms of entry as agent for a Mr. Relihan.

His conduct being discovered, he was charged before the stewards with being in fact not an agent for Mr. Relihan, and, moreover, knowing that the dog did not even belong to Mr. Relihan.

A fine was imposed upon him for this, which was eventually only paid under pressure.

Then there have been protests from owners of dogs which Renwick has sold without remitting the money.

Another complaint was from a lady who lent him £150 on the understanding that director's fees due to him would be paid over to her. She was forced to write to the club to obtain satisfaction.

Suspended person

Some of the captain's actions have been rather too unsavoury for us to refer to here, but, in conclusion, we may quote an extract from a report in a recent issue of the *Kennel Club Gazette* of a General Committee meeting:

"The secretary reported to the General Committee that nothing further had been heard from Captain L. Renwick in respect of the Whippet Club accounts, and that his name had been added to the list of suspended persons."

When, last week, he was called upon to attend the National Greyhound Racing Club headquarters, to prove his journalistic charges, he did not think fit to do so.

Thus he was finally "warned off."

There's No Depression

There's no depression where you find the *Passing Show*. Smiles reflect the pep, fun and optimism that cram its pages.

If the outlook's black, or you're seeing red or feeling blue—settle down to a copy of the *Passing Show* and the clouds will soon roll away.

Famous authors and artists combine to produce a veritable feast of fun throughout its pages.

Don't miss your copy of Britain's Brightest Weekly. Get a copy of the *Passing Show* from your newsagent to-day.

Troubled with Psoriasis 30 Years Cuticura Healed

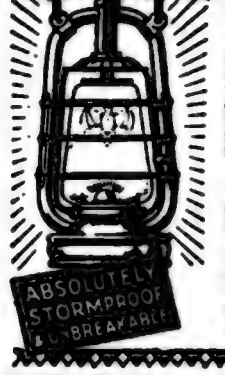
"I was troubled with psoriasis for thirty years. It started when I was about fourteen years old and was on my elbows and knees. Soon after a patch appeared on my forehead and then spread all over my head and ears. The burning and itching were unbearable, and I was ashamed to be seen. Later it spread all over my body. The affected parts were covered with scales which peeled off and formed again.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. It relieved the trouble so I continued the treatment and in a short time I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Jacobs, 53 Church Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

For that Night Job



For finding things in the attic or cellar, for the workshop or garage and for dozens of other uses, no home can afford to be without one of these wonderful "BAT" Lanterns. Burns paraffin 20 hrs. for 1d. From all ironmongers, 4/- but insist on

GENUINE BAT LANTERNS

If any difficulty in obtaining, write for name of nearest stockist to O. Wild, 72, Duncannon St., London, W.C.2. Also "PAR" (lighter model) 3/6

NO EXCUSE NOW for SHABBY SHOES

Last year's shoes become this year's, if you purchase a bottle of "RADIUM" Leather Dyes. The easy application and amazing results will delight you. In Black and all fashionable colours. 6d. per bottle complete with the handy mop.

Supplied by Repairers, Leather Stores and Boot Shops. If any difficulty write for leaflet and name of nearest dealer.

Radium 6d LEATHER DYES

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RADIUM LTD., BROADHEATH, MANCHESTER.

Use Radium Satin Dye for dyeing ladies' dress shoes a perfect black. 9d. a bottle.

INTERNAL TROUBLES

Mrs. SAUNDERS, 17, North St., Fryston, near Castleford, writes—

"I have suffered with Internal Troubles. I tried all sorts of tonics until at last I read of your wonderful Vitadatio. I tried it, and with wonderful results and I feel it is my duty to recommend it to other sufferers. I think it is one of the finest tonics anyone can take. Run-down feelings vanish when you take Vitadatio."

If you are a sufferer—
Get a bottle to-day.

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylor's, Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special £1 - bottle, containing 3 weeks' supply, for export only, post free from VITADATIO, Ltd. 122, Armley, Leeds. V.146

SEND FOR FREE BOOK & TESTIMONIALS

And I was to Blame!

I didn't know why I was so often left alone while every other girl had a beau. Then one day I overheard two girl friends talking:—

"It's too bad she has such a shiny nose and greasy face. She's really pretty except for that."

"Yes—I wish I had the nerve to tell her to use mousse of cream. Ordinary powder is useless for her."

Something told me they were talking about me. That day I asked my chemist what mousse of cream is. He explained it is a fine cold cream whipped to fluffy foam and then combined with face powder. It completely banishes a shiny nose and greasy face, and keeps the powder on all day long, in spite of perspiration at sports or dancing. It is a splendid skin tonic, too, stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores. Now I have always a smooth, clear, delicate complexion that the girls envy and all men admire. In three weeks I have had three offers of marriage! Each of my suitors say it is my lovely complexion that first attracted him.

NOTE.—Mousse of cream is blended by an exclusive, patented process with Poudre Tokalon. Any woman may now have amazing new fresh beauty, in spite of the worst cases of "Shine." Try Poudre Tokalon and you will never after change powders again. 1/- a box; Compacts, 1/3.

Free Trial. De-Luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades and Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 9d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.) Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 974C.), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is take to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BARGAIN BALE

is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 63 x 84ins. Weight 7lbs pair.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 80ins. Weight 6lbs pair.

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins. Weight 6lbs pair.

A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use. Size: 75 x 94ins.

A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome dice design, beautifully finished. Size 54ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. Size 20 x 42ins.

VERY IMPORTANT *By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale a 16-Piece Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Service for the use of four persons.*

The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with hem edged blades and beautiful ivory-grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through. Complete Bale (including the 16-piece Cutlery Service) Carriage Paid £3

TERMS. Our Bargain Price for the Graves "TRIUMPH" Bargain Bale is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, & complete purchase in 11 Monthly Payments of 5/- if you are entirely satisfied with the Bale after inspection in your own home. Money back in full if in any way disappointed.

CATALOGUE of any of the following departments: Ladies' Fashions, Household Drapery, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Cycles, Men's Wear, Gramophones, Records, Wireless Sets, Baby Cars, Carpets, Lino, &c.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Thank You, MISS FLAPPER.

ELSIE'S parents are in a bad way. Her father, an ex-Service man, in receipt of a disability pension of 18s. per week, suffers from tuberculosis. He is waiting to be taken into hospital.

His wife caught the malady, and is suffering with tuberculous glands and chest. She has been treated in hospital for three months and is now waiting to be readmitted.

Who'll help Elsie?

Elsie and her younger sister and brother live with their grandmother who receives the old-age pension and 5s. a week for a son killed in the war. As her rent is 12s 9d. per week, things are not easy.

Elsie's mother, before she contracted this terrible illness, was earning good money as a french polisher, and Elsie's father was a night watchman. When her mother pleaded to be taken back to her work, her employer said: "No. I won't give you any more work. Go back to the hospital."

And she knows that her only hope of recovery is to receive a further three months' hospital treatment.

The family is hopeful that a sister returning from Canada will assist them. Until she arrives they need help.

* * *

We gladly turn from such sadness to quote a letter just received from a reader—the sort of letter that puts life and hope into the fund:

"Dear Sir,—I am enclosing a postal order for 10s. for 'The Greatest of These—' Fund.

"I am a business girl, and have been a reader of JOHN BULL since a child, and trust you will use my money in helping a deserving case.

"After all, they were told it was to be a country for heroes to live in! I have seen the thousands of graves in Flanders (shall I ever forget it?), and realised then the futility and horror of the last war. I was too young before!

"Here goes! If those who have the money won't help the few who came back, some of we workers must.—A FLAPPER."

Who follows in her train?

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

O. Whitbread (Grays), 1s.; Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 2s.; Mrs Sarkins (Harrow Road), 2s. 6d.; Mickey, 1s.; Anon. (Chichester), 1s.; Anon. (Stoke-on-Trent), 2s.; "Inverted Commas" (Hednesford), 1s.; R. M. E. (Ryde), 2s. 6d.; Paddy (London, S.W.), 1s. 6d.; Careful Mother, 2s.; A Steward (Sandringham), 2s. 6d.; Good Luck (Bangor), 4s.; Anon. (Knowle Park), 5s.; Billie, 4½d.; Homeless (Sunderland), 1s.; J. R. and S. Banks (Sheffield), 5s.; Charles H. (Stoke-on-Trent), 1s.; Anon. (Harrow), 1s.; Anon. (Preston), 1s.; Anon. (Wallsend), 6d.; Subsid., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Matthews (Norwood), 3s.; Elderly Nurse, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s.; L. A. C. (Creswell), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Steidel (Twickenham), £1; W. I. Powell (Cowley), 6d.; Anon., 6d.; J. Hutton (Bedford), 1s; Sgt. Rippon, 6d.; Mrs. M. A. Wood (Chelsea), 6d.; A Disappointed Competitor (Dundee), 5s.; U. A. M., 1s.; Sunshine Club (Rugby), 2s. 9d.; K. C., 9d.; O. A. P. (Liverpool), 2s.; Anon. (Birmingham), 6d.; Pensionless Widow (Edinburgh), 9d.; H. O. W., 2s.; J. N. (Barrow), 5s.; W. M. (Bristol), 2s.; Grateful (Dingwall), 2s. 6d.; P. Cleat (Edinburgh), 6d.; F. Skye (London, W.1), 2s.; C. F. Smeather (Desborough), 10s.; E. A. Crawford (Accrington), 10s.; D. S. Jack (Manchester), 2s.; Three Brothers (Woodley), 10s.; J. N. S. B. (Ayrshire), 1s. 6d.; In Memory of Jimmy Boy, 1s.; Miss Spearman (Enfield), 1s.; A Reader of JOHN BULL (Huddersfield), 2s. 6d.; Old Orkney (Kirkwall), 8s.; E. K. R. W., 6d.; L. C. (Darwen), 6d.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 6d.; A Miner (Hednesford), 1s.; Middleton, 1s.; Sympathiser, 1s.; S. W. Molyneux (Camberwell), 1s.; Mrs. R. Kent (South Lowestoft), 1s. 6d.; Chichester, 1s.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; G. G., 2s.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollar), 2s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Anon. (Northwich), 2s.; Dollar (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollar), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; H. O. W., 2s. 6d.; Good Luck, 4s.; Help Ye One Another, 8s.; May's Ninth (Ayr), 5s. 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; Lucky Ninth (Musselburgh), 6d.; Marjorie Lloyd, 1s.; "?," 1s. 4d.; Kate E. Ridgway (S. Woodchester), 2s. 6d.; Inasmuch, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollar), 3s.; Grateful (Ollerton), 8s.; W. J. D., 5s.; C. P. and L. P., 6s.; Miss O. Wright, 5s.; Geo. Carr (Pickering), 10s.; Mr. T. Fish (Blackpool), 10s.; A. H., £1; Chlo (Nyasaland), £5; F. G. Allen (Ottawa), 2s. 6d.; Old Bill, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Killiecrankie), 4s. 10d.

[Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over]

Limping Colonel ON THE RUN

Lord Arnold, Paymaster-General, has no record of the "Colonel's" commission

HOTEL proprietors, landladies, tradespeople in particular, and the public in general, should be on their guard against a polished adventurer who is wanted in many parts of the country for a series of most versatile offences.

"A. E. Kingston" is the latest name he has affected, though his aliases are as numerous as his coups.

He is armed with a sheaf of bogus credentials which suggest that he has held high commissions in both the Navy and Army. Some of his exploits make astounding reading.

* * *

Striding briskly into a jeweller's shop in Exeter the other day, he handed in a card giving an address at Sheffield.

He explained that he was staying in Devon as the guest of a prominent local business man, who was a good customer of the jeweller.

So intimately was Kingston able to converse about his host that the jeweller never thought to question the ingrity of his well-dressed caller.

Kingston desired an article of jewellery for presentation to his host's wife on his departure from Exeter.

He had privately ascertained that a diamond ring would prove a most acceptable gift, and having heard of the jeweller's reputation in the city he had decided to consult him on the subject.

The jeweller quite naturally responded by displaying a very wide selection of diamond rings.

Kingston not only asked his advice on many points, but proved most exacting in his demands.

At last he narrowed the selection down to four rings. His request that the final choice should be left to his hostess was readily agreed to, and he was allowed to take them away.

* * *

That was the last the jeweller saw of Kingston, for his story was found to be entirely false.

The name of the prominent local business man had been grossly misused, Kingston having familiarised himself with every detail of the former's movements for the purpose of this deception.

The proprietor of the hotel in Exeter at which Kingston was actually staying was also victimised—this distinguished guest departing without settling his account.

By means of similar, perfectly devised stories, Kingston has succeeded in passing many worthless cheques, and his dupes are to be found over a wide area, embracing most of England and much of Scotland.

He almost invariably stays at the best hotels, posing as a man of substance, but always leaving a trail of debts behind him.

He has often passed as a retired Naval officer, with a yacht in dry dock for repairs; as a "Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander," or as a "Lieutenant-Colonel" in the Army.

Hotel lounges form a happy hunting-ground for him when seeking dupes on whom to foist his waste-paper cheques.

He boasts membership of several exclusive Service clubs, and his recent aliases include: "Lt. Arthur Fincham," "Lt. A. Oxborrow," "Lt.-Col. A. Oxborrow," "Paymaster Lieutenant-Commander Oxborrow," "Arthur Oxman," and "A. E. Brown."

* * *

In the latter name he recently operated very extensively in the Midlands, where complaints are rife in consequence.

During the past month or two he has made a practice of writing from different parts of the country to engage apartments in boarding-houses.

When he eventually arrives he immediately gains confidence by insisting upon paying a week's rent in advance.

He also incites sympathy by theatrically limping as if in great pain and recounting a pathetic story that he was recently involved in an accident which has lost him his livelihood.

Compensation, he pretends, will shortly be paid to him, and he further colours his story by claiming friendship with influential people in the district he happens to be visiting.

In some cases, indeed, he even suggests that they are shortly backing him in a new business venture.

Here again, he has merely familiarised himself with the movements of those whose names he misuses for his own ends.

When he has run up credit on all sides he simply departs with any valuables on which he can lay his hands.

A Scaffold Philanthropist

THE country is at present being flooded with unsolicited circulars from the Consolidated Property Trust, Ltd., of Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.

The fine quality of the paper on which these circulars are printed is in keeping with the impressive address.

And as the message they convey is expressly addressed to the small investor—"even those with only £10 to spare"—this display of lavishness is likely to carry considerable weight.

The individual who signs the circulars, Stephen E. Wadey, the Trust's managing director, is one of the most benevolent philanthropists we have encountered for some time.

* * *

Apparently, the Consolidated Property Trust proposes to speculate in building operations on a large scale, and in a manner which will bring those who are lucky enough to support the scheme untold wealth.

Mr. Wadey announces that he and his co-directors have introduced a new plan on co-operative lines whereby all can participate in the "entire profits of this undertaking."

Each £100 invested under this scheme will, we are told, produce a net profit exceeding £30, plus the return of principal, within twelve months.

Tempting—but why, when Mr. Wadey further explains that "the principal will be secured by valuable freehold property," does he not raise his finance from banks, building societies, or one or another of the large financial houses?

* * *

Why offer 33 per cent. per annum for what, in a much more legitimate manner, could be obtained for 5 or 6 per cent.?

If the freehold property, about which no definite details are given in the circulars, is really as valuable as Mr. Wadey would have us believe, he should have no difficulty in raising capital through regular channels.

We know that his search for funds has extended over a period of four or five months.

In June last he was engaged upon a similar campaign, during which he deplored the fact that, in "London's recent expansion years," land and property speculators and building syndicates had realised over £20,000,000 in profits.

Why should they get all this money?

"Put in your £10 or whatever you can afford, and let *us* share the proceeds" seemed to be his motto.

He was then even more philanthropic, and was assuring a profit of £42 10s. for every £100 invested

The fact that he has now dropped to 30 per cent. rather suggests that he himself is beginning to lose faith in his fortune-weaving schemes.

At that time he was circulating a four-sheet circular drawn up to resemble a financial newspaper and bearing the title, "London Property Investment."

* * *

The make-up was decidedly of Yankee origin, and the contents, under startling headlines, dealt descriptively with important current property transactions in London and elsewhere.

Although many people might easily have formed the conclusion that the Consolidated Property Trust was interested in these transactions, the whole contents of the paper was simply ordinary "news."

Not a line was to be found anywhere concerning the "valuable freehold property" about which Mr. Wadey talks so confidently.

Until Mr. Wadey and his colleagues can present something far more tangible than impressive literature, we strongly advise small investors to ignore this invitation to participate in the huge profits which, so far, are only "predicted."

REEVES *the Ringer*

ONE of the busiest crooks in the country just now must be a man named Reeves, who is a past-master at ringing the changes.

He is only thirty-five years of age, but he would seem to have an alias for every year, while his methods of defrauding the public are almost as numerous.

Reeves usually drives about in a car, dresses immaculately, and patronises the best hotels of any town he happens to visit.

A diamond ring flashes upon one of his fingers, and to all intents and purposes he is the personification of affluent respectability.

* * *

Already he has left a trail of dupes from John o' Groat's to Land's End, but although fresh complaints are being lodged against him almost daily, all efforts to bring him to book have so far failed.

Apart from habitually leaving his hotel bills unpaid and effecting larceny coups at nearly every place of call, his methods of enriching himself include the cashing of worthless cheques and the deception of shopkeepers.

In the former event he has been known to approach local business people after banking hours and to inspire confidence by mentioning the name of some other local resident or by producing bogus credentials.

* * *

In his shop coups he usually places substantial orders for goods, tenders a cheque in excess of the amount of his purchases, and departs with the change.

In recent months he has passed variously as a hotel valuer, an insurance assessor, a kinema magnate, a G.P.O. official, a railway expert, a bank manager, a printer and publisher, and—a private enquiry agent!

His dupes are to be found in London, Portsmouth, Luton, Guildford, Lincoln, Sheffield and Crewe.

It is impossible to say where he will make his next appearance, but in view of his reputation for speedy travel we urge all our readers to keep this warning in mind.

GRAVES

FASHIONABLE WINTER STYLES

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes the newest ideas for the Wardrobe —Coats, Costumes, Dance Frocks and Robes for all occasions — made in the best style and offered at the keenest prices and on Easy Monthly Payment Terms

PATTERNS POST FREE

We issue a complete range of Patterns. In your own interest you should write now, stating the style of garment you are interested in, and samples of the actual materials will be sent you by return, together with a simple self measurement Form, and all necessary information.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd SHEFFIELD

AMAZING value offered in Furs, Sports Wear, Shirts, Jumpers, Underwear, and Hosiery, etc.; also Maids' and Children's Wear at Bargain Prices on Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and the rest in monthly payments if entirely satisfied.

We have 80 years reputation for honourable trading.

FROM 5/- MONTHLY

Sedentary Worker's Great Discovery.

Clapham Park, S.W.—"As one who leads a sedentary life," writes Mr. W. Manning, "I recognise the necessity of assisting nature to perform her functions. Lack of exercise brings constipation and all its attendant evils. Here is where Carter's Little Liver Pills make a strong appeal, and I have found them to be the best antidote to the consequences due to lack of exercise." Bad tastes in the mouth, poor complexion, sick headache, indigestion and biliousness quickly relieved! Avoid substitutes! Take genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. In 1/3 and 3/- bottles. Of all Chemists.

MUSIC FOR YOU

These small pictures represent splendid full size Gramophones, both Cabinets & Portables, which we are making in our Factory and supplying direct to the user. No such Quality and Value combined has ever been offered since the Gramophone was invented. Our Guarantee of complete satisfaction goes with every instrument, and we have more than 30 years character for honourable trading. Portable and Cabinet Models are the same price, and are fitted with the same quality of worm-drive motors, insuring smooth even running, & splendid reproduction. With each instrument we present Twelve Half-Crown Double-sided Records, making 24 Musical Selections comprising an evening's programme of songs and instrumental performances by front-rank artistes.

5/- NOW

12 HALF-CROWN RECORDS.

Price of the entire Outfit £3:10:0 Easy monthly payment terms without any extra charge. Send 5/- now, and 5/- Monthly.

You may think such an extraordinary offer of Quality and Value too good to be true, but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" And you can have either of the instruments (state which) on full approval in your own home. Catalogue of Gramophone Bargains Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

NEW METHOD of Washing-up puts GREASE out of action

The old-fashioned method of washing-up with soda makes hard work. It allows grease to form a scum on the water. It gets back on the plates—soils your hands and dishcloth.

Use Carbosil and put an end to grease. Carbosil *dissolves* it! Clinging grease, sticky grease, stubborn, troublesome fat are dissolved quickly by Carbosil. You can't even see grease on the water or feel it on your hands. Plunge the things right down under the water and the grease loses all its greasiness.

Carbosil is so economical that in most homes a twopenny packet lasts a whole month. Think what that means! For a halfpenny per week you escape the drudgery of greasy dish-washing.

A teaspoonful in a bowl of hot water is the correct quantity to use.

CARBOSIL

dissolves grease

Use Carbosil also for washing greasy cloths

Joseph Crosfield & Sons Ltd., Warrington CAR 63-143

A Wonderful Offer appears on page 27

Amazing as the value of the gifts in "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes has been, the latest offer of a 15-Guinea 5-Valve Superhet Portable Radio and the facility for repaying the set quickly, appears on page 27 of this issue. Turn to this amazing offer.

£650

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 82.

The only correct solution in the above competition received from:—

Mr. C. P. Brown, 147, Park Grove, Barnsley,

to whom, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £600 will be despatched.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 13 competitors, who receive the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £3 17s. 6d.

Abel, R., 18, Beach St., Swansea, Glam.
Appleton, E. E., 118, Elsenham St., Streatham, S.W.18.
Beale, Mrs. A., 19, Tower Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Chalmers, W., 15, Albany Drive, Langside.
Cooper, T., 88, Victoria Rd., Mablethorpe.
Crawley, R. G., 47, Frampton Rd., Harrogate.
Dowdle, Mrs. C. E., 73, Cartmel Rd., Sheffield, Yorks.
Hollings, J. S., 4, Fourth Avenue, Toronto, Canada.
Inge, Mrs. E. M., 20, Edgehill Rd., Slough.
James, H., 6, Wrenwood Washway, Sale, Cheshire.
Luff, Mrs. C., 55, Meanley Rd., Manor Park, E.12.
Morley, W. J., Joyce Cottage, Beavers Lane, Hasleham, Surrey.
Scoffin, H. H., 79, Newark Rd., Lincoln.

Another £600 Cross-word appears on page 30 Try Your Skill Now!

CROSS-WORD COMPETITION No. [illegible]

In accordance with Rule No. 8, Mr. S. Robinson, 16, Guide Lane, Audenshaw, Lancs, entrant of [illegible] error solution, has been included among those sharing the £600 prize. The seven winners have, therefore, each received payments of £[illegible]

Superfluous Hair

Now So Easy To Banish

Four million women have thrown away their razors—Veet now washes away every trace of ugly hair in three minutes, as easily as washing your hands.

1. Just apply Veet, a dainty perfumed cream, straight from the tube.
2. After two minutes, rinse away the hairs—not even a shadow remains.
3. And the skin is left soft, white and smooth as a child's—this distinguishes the *Veet way* from other ways.

No odour, no irritation, nothing complicated —satisfactory results in every case, or money refunded.

COLDS

One or two "A-K." Tablets quickly break up colds and feverish conditions —stop chills. Almost instantly banish pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, toothache, lumbago, neuritis, sciatica, etc. Relieve women's pains. End insomnia and nervousness by inducing sound, restful sleep. Prescribed by doctors for nearly 40 years. 25 millions used annually. Of chemists 1/3. FREE SAMPLE sent on request. Address Anti-Kamnia (Dept. L 4), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

Anti-Kamnia

Quick Relief from Pains and Aches

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BIG *Drapery Credit* FRAUD

MY postbag is a fairly accurate barometer in indicating changing phases of crime, and it is clear that, after a momentary lull, commercial frauds are at present increasing.

I here propose to give some exclusive facts regarding one of the individuals who has been largely responsible for part of this increase—a man named Rafael Turover.

He has been established for some time as a general merchant at Dunedin House, Basinghall Avenue, London, E.C., trading variously as the National Supply Company and the National Shirt Company.

Though his offices have been within the shadow of the Guildhall, his business, I find, has been very questionable.

Many of the creditors who are now strongly complaining were doubtless impressed by the fact that Turover is the son of a man whose name has been respected in the City of London for fully thirty years.

Indeed, some entertained the belief that his business was an offshoot of the father's, and this enabled him to obtain credit on an exceptionally large scale.

Expensive materials of all kinds, gowns, shirts, underwear and miscellaneous hosiery, have been supplied in large quantities, Turover having sent his representatives all over the country for the purpose of placing "personal orders" with well-known firms.

In some cases they were told that he had the backing of his father, and wholesalers who have been left whistling for their money are to be found in Nottingham, Leicester, Manchester, Macclesfield and Glasgow.

Their experience has been that accounts rendered in respect of consignments delivered long ago have been consistently ignored.

I should not care to say how many thousands are involved.

Messrs. Wm. Anderson and Co., Ltd., of Buchanan Street, Glasgow, are creditors for £322; Messrs. B. Marshall and Co., Ltd., and Messrs. J. McFarlane, Ltd., of Manchester, for £200 each; Messrs. J. Trotman, of Nottingham, for £210; Messrs. Samter and Co., Ltd., of Manchester, for £150; Messrs. Macall, Orr and Co., Ltd., of Leicester, for £277.

It would be possible to name a score of other firms which have been similarly imposed upon; but the sorry story by no means ends there.

When Turover found traders growing more cautious in their dealings with him and credit more difficult to obtain, he promptly despatched a representative to the Continent, where his father's name is also well respected.

The result is that creditors are now to be found in France, Belgium, Germany and even Czecho-Slovakia. Their losses form a startling aggregate.

Individual sufferers are Emil Steinert Franz and Adolph Pielschmann, both of Brussels, whose respective losses are £469 and £346.

"In the shadow of the Guildhall"—the scene of Turover's commercial frauds

Unsettled judgments against the younger Turover are numerous, and I am satisfied that official enquiry would show that he has been in a dubious financial position for a long time past.

Nor is this Basinghall Avenue venture the first that he has brought to disaster. At least three have suffered a similar fate, though on a much less scale.

A year or so ago he borrowed money from relations to found a hosiery business in Dodd Street, Whitechapel, London, E.

The venture came to grief, and he never repaid the money, making the excuse that it had been impossible to carry on because traders insisted upon cash terms.

I am not surprised, and in view of the tactics employed in his latest successful efforts at raising credit at home and abroad, I think some firm action is called for.

* * *

I should also like to refer to a somewhat different proposition affecting the textile trade.

A cash prize of £100 is being offered by the Leicester Warehouse Company, Ltd., of London Road, Leicester, in respect of a simple competition.

"So many points will be awarded according to merit," the circulars state; "500 points wins £100. . . . The neatest writing is essential for top points."

An Enfield girl who entered "for the fun of the thing" promptly received a reply informing her that the judges had awarded her 450 points.

She was warmly congratulated and assured that she would now be "eligible" for the £100 if she placed an order for goods to the value of "about £1."

Many of the details of this scheme will be familiar to my readers—particularly when we add that entrants in all parts of the country have been given exactly the same assurance.

It is perfectly obvious that they cannot all win the £100 prize, but it is equally clear that the Leicester Warehouse Company would make a very good thing out of it if all competitors could be prevailed upon to spend £1 with them.

I hope these remarks will be in time to nip the scheme in the bud, for I find that the individuals behind the company are W. and A. Morgan.

Until recently they were operating from an address in London as "The Holborn Warehouse Company, Ltd.," and their migration to Leicester is doubtless due to the fact that they were denounced in JOHN BULL.

They were also sued by the Board of Trade for company offences and heavily fined by Sir Chartres Biron, at Bow Street, London, Police Court.

Lord Barnby, President of the Prevention of Frauduient Trading Association, can help to stamp out this sort of thing

COMPANY SENSATION:

Enquiry Demanded

LONG-NURSED grievances are likely to lead to embittered outbursts, with recriminations on those who, it is thought, should intervene.

This has certainly been the case in regard to the North Charterland Exploration Company (1910), Ltd., which was formed to acquire and administer mining and surface rights over 10,000 square miles of territory in Northern Rhodesia.

Shareholders, believing that the land would be theirs, invested many hundreds of thousands of pounds in the undertaking.

* * *

Huge sums have been expended upon building roads, stores, and generally opening up that area; but to-day the shareholders are faced with the tragic fact that the prospect of their enjoying any of the fruits of this endeavour are very remote indeed.

The directors of the company assert that, after all kinds of earlier difficulties had been overcome, the company was making good headway until, in 1923, an unexpected bombshell exploded among them.

More than 3,000 square miles of the property in which the investors had sunk their savings was suddenly earmarked by the Crown for native reservation. The company was thus deprived in one stroke of a third of its holdings.

The present directors of the company contend that when the land was originally acquired it was upon the definite understanding that it could not be touched without the previous consent of the company.

The directors also contend that the matter is all the more serious because the land wanted for native reservation is not all in one block, but scattered throughout their possessions.

Road schemes and development, after many years of endeavour, are all on the scrap-heap.

That the Crown considers it has a right to intervene in this way is clear from the fact that in March, 1928, His Majesty the King, advised by his officials, signed an Order in Council depriving the company of the land without compensation.

* * *

This was done on the assumption that the directors of the North Charterland Exploration Company had agreed to forfeit land in such circumstances should it ever become necessary.

On the other hand, the directors claim that this is entirely untrue.

They paid hundreds of thousands of pounds in respect of the land, and they vehemently affirm that no one would commit himself to any such arrangement unless provision were also made at the same time for the payment of adequate compensation.

An appeal to the High Court against what the company considers to be a grave injustice has gone against it on the ground that the order signed by His Majesty the King cannot, in any circumstances, be set aside.

Thus, a deadlock has been created.

* * *

Most people will agree that a very simple, but very important, problem arises out of these facts.

How did that vital clause under which this company has lost a great part of its possessions creep in?

Again and again, both in public and in letters to the Colonial Office, directors have vehemently protested that they were ignorant of its existence.

If a grievance of this sort is treated with contempt, the whole system of investment in colonial pioneer development is endangered.

The House of Commons should readily consent to a public enquiry.

Price reduced
BOURNVILLE COCOA

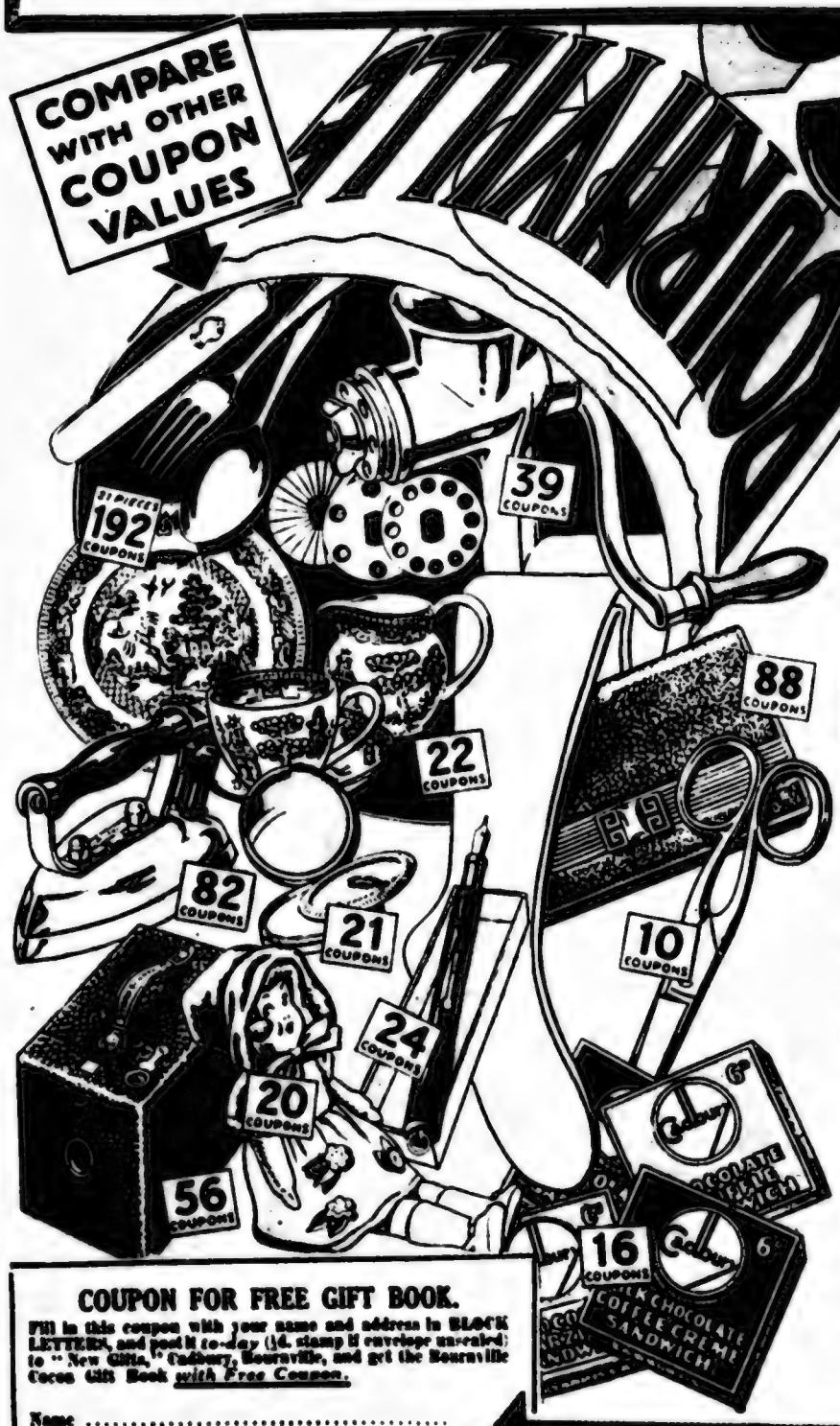
QUALITY UNCHANGED

NOW ONLY **6D**

PER ¼ LB. TIN

½ lb., 11d. 1 lb., 1/9.

COMPARE WITH OTHER COUPON VALUES



-and more FREE GIFTS

The coupons contained in every tin of Bournville Cocoa can now be exchanged for a wonderful variety of NEW free gifts, in addition to the popular gifts of chocolates and of cocoa jugs with whisks. All these gifts, which have been selected with the greatest care, are articles of real worth and recognised quality.

For example — a fine pair of Scissors (10 coupons); an Edison Bell Gramophone Record (15 coupons); a prettily-dressed Doll (20 coupons); an Atkinson Compact in a beautiful case (21 coupons); a Majestic Fountain Pen (24 coupons); Artificial or Real Silk Stockings (22 or 50 coupons); a Kodak-made Camera (56 Coupons); an Electric Iron (82 coupons); a genuine Wedgwood Tea Set (192 coupons); best quality stainless Table Knives, Electro-plated Forks and Spoons, and scores of other gifts.

Though you now pay less for Bournville Cocoa and get such fine free gifts into the bargain, you have Cadbury's guarantee that there is no change whatsoever in the high quality of this famous cocoa with the chocolaty flavour.

Post the coupon to-day for full list of gifts. JB

COUPON FOR FREE GIFT BOOK.

Fill in this coupon with your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS, and post it to-day (½d. stamp if envelope unsealed) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, and get the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book with Free Coupon.

Name .....

Address .....

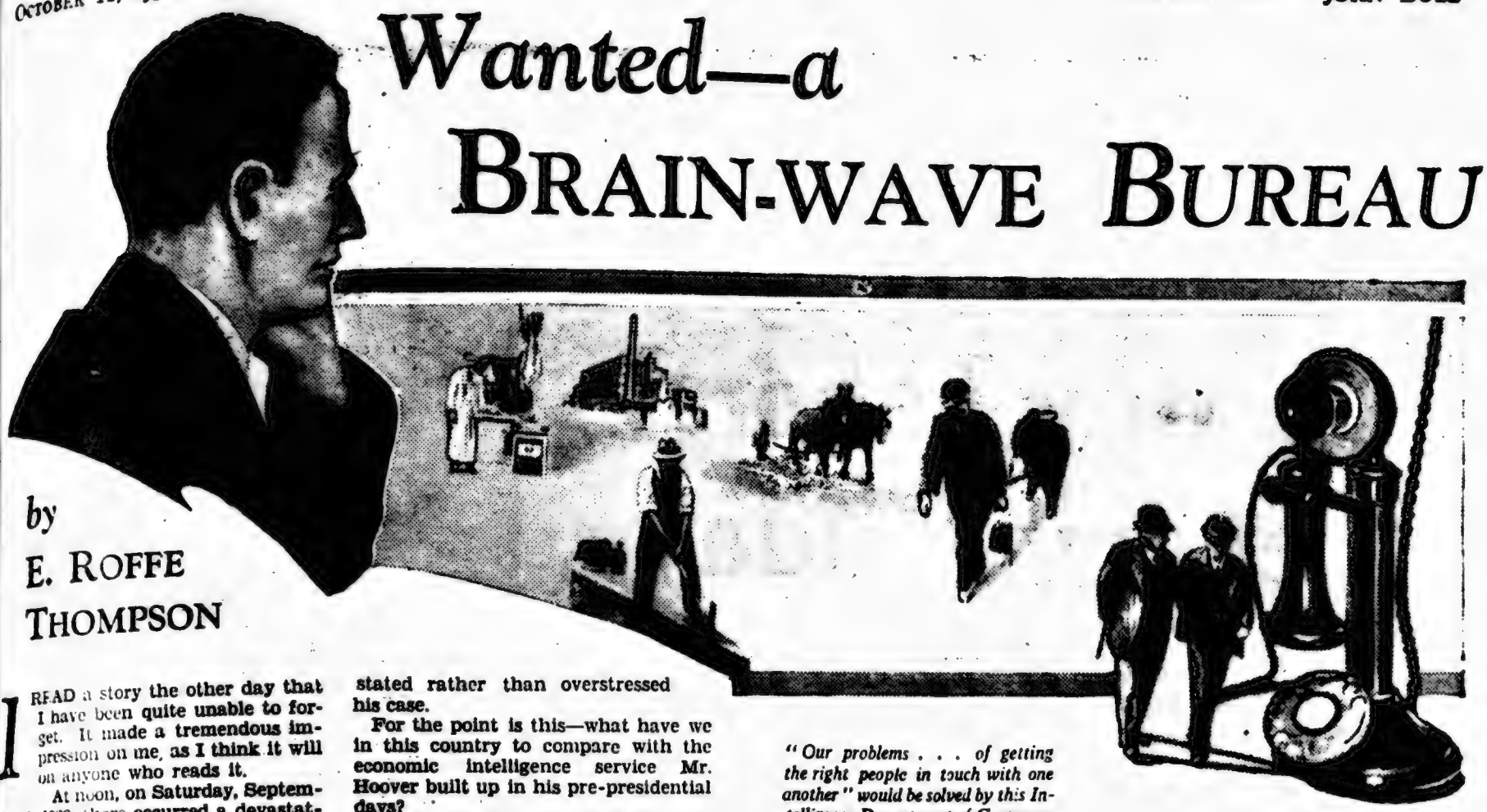
AGI 11.10.30. .....

This offer applies to the United Kingdom only, and not to the Irish Free State.

COMPARE COUPON VALUES

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Wanted—a BRAIN-WAVE BUREAU



by
E. ROFFE THOMPSON

I READ a story the other day that I have been quite unable to forget. It made a tremendous impression on me, as I think it will on anyone who reads it.

At noon, on Saturday, September 1, 1923, there occurred a devastating earthquake in Japan.

Within a few hours, a group of high officials gathered at Washington, in America, to make arrangements for relief measures, particularly in the matter of food—which in this case largely meant rice.

The immediate question was where sufficient quantities of rice could be secured, and at what price.

Various estimates were presented, but finally Mr. Herbert Hoover—it was long before he became President—representing the Department of Commerce, drew a single sheet of paper from his pocket.

On this sheet of paper were typed the statistics about the precise position of the rice trade in the Far East on Saturday, September 1, at noon—the precise moment at which the earthquake occurred.

The figures were all there—current prices in all the leading Far Eastern trade centres, the stocks in hand in all the important warehouses, even the stocks at the moment in cargo-steamers *en route* for various ports.

It took but a few moments to flash cablegrams across the Pacific to concentrate the necessary supplies and avert a famine.

It looked uncanny, magical; but it was not magic—it was simply organisation.

For years before the earthquake Mr. Hoover had set about organising a precise collection of statistics about all the raw materials and staple foodstuffs of the world; and it happened that one of the periodic surveys had just concluded as the earthquake occurred.

Press the button—

A perfect machine was functioning perfectly—that was all.

I think no intelligent person can read that story without being profoundly impressed.

For ever since that day America has cherished and perfected this economic intelligence service until she has evolved a system beside which the military intelligence systems of the world are mere babies' toys.

When Lord Riddell addressed the British Advertising Association last year he said: "We are fighting for our lives in world markets. Our fate as a nation depends on extending and developing our trade."

And there is no doubt that he understated rather than overstressed his case.

For the point is this—what have we in this country to compare with the economic intelligence service Mr. Hoover built up in his pre-presidential days?

What have we to compare with the Department of Commerce at Washington, which, *every day*, receives and answers 10,000 requests from manufacturers and exporters for advice, assistance and service?

The Department of Overseas Trade? The Empire Marketing Board? Both good, no doubt, but not nearly good enough.

Scatter-brained

The Balfour Committee found after exhaustive enquiry that Britain's sales organisation was even more antiquated than its manufacturing plant.

"Too many British exporters," it said, "show a want of proper activity in the way of intelligent and sympathetic study of the markets and energetic salesmanship. . . ."

The Committee on Education and Salesmanship uttered the same indictment. And what is true of the foreign market is equally true of the nearer, and much easier to exploit, home market.

We lack ideas; we lack science; we lack real organisation in our economic fight. We lack, in fact, a competent General Staff.

"Our problems . . . of getting the right people in touch with one another" would be solved by this Intelligence Department of Commerce

I can think of no more profitable investment than for the Government to establish a small, but highly expert, department to enquire into and assist the foundation of new industries in this country, and to supply manufacturers with exact and carefully tabulated data about any and every problem that besets them.

We need, in fact, a new Ministry, a Ministry of Ideas.

It would be absolutely outside and above politics, concerned solely with telling the truth, and, properly run, it would do more in twelve months to shed a blinding light on our problems and their solution than conferences and ill-informed talk could do in twelve years.

For our problems after all are mostly based on the one difficulty of getting the right people in touch with one another, arranging preliminary research and experiment, finding money and negotiating guarantees.

And, above all, no one can even look round our shops without realising that there are any amount of things which we might make or do, but which we persistently neglect.

Lots of our trade is not so much thrown away as deliberately given away because we can't be bothered.

A Ministry of Ideas would cost money—is that the objection? Well, it might—or again it might not.

With a genius at its head, and with a call on the services of many and various experts, it should cost the public nothing. Its running expenses could, and should, be paid by fees from those it succeeded in helping.

Even if it did cost money—what of it? Expenditure is a relative thing. It all depends on what you get for your money, whether it is wise or foolish.

Supposing such a powerful trade engine as I am suggesting cost, let us say, £2,000 a week. Is that a terrifying prospect?

Museum or workshop?

If it is, let us remember that it is less than we have to pay to keep up the interesting, but quite useless, Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington.

Which would be the wiser expenditure—to keep up a museum, or to inaugurate a real economic intelligence service to ease unemployment, stimulate trade and decrease our adverse trade balance?

Scores of problems such a Ministry could investigate occur to one offhand—the expansion of fur-farming in Britain, the canning of British fruit, the thorough exploitation of British cheeses, the manufacture of artificial jewellery, buttons, toys, and a thousand and one other things.

There are new crops to be grown and marketed—and there are new methods of marketing to be evolved. These, or nearly all, can be put under one comprehensive head.

The great problem is to bring the market to the consumer—here, as much as abroad—and to make ourselves much of what we now lazily import.

But to do this efficiently and cheaply needs data, accurate data and much data. Where is it?

To whom can any would-be manufacturer apply to-day with the certainty of getting the information he desires?

If we only had a live and alert Ministry of Ideas!

The Human Machine

THE *Only* WAY

WE are all naturally lazy. The instinctive desire of the mind is to petrify. That is why so many people find it difficult to keep mentally awake all day.

If your work is a bore, it is because you are not working with any purpose. You are an automatic machine, not a human being.

There is a big difference between working with a will and just working. A fine spur to good work is the realisation that anything can always be done better than it is being done.

Whoever sets about a job with that idea will never let his brain go to sleep; for he will always be on the alert to see where and how improvement can be made.

Do you envy people who have made fortunes by clever inventions? Do you long to be one of the "lucky" ones who have grown rich in business? Come now! Why envy them? What did any of them do except to see some way in which a thing could be done better than it was being done already?

The only difference between them and you is that they kept awake while you went to sleep. Or, if you like to put it in another way, you can say that they had no great veneration for the past and an enormous faith in the future.

They also believed that the best way to get things done was to do them. In other words, they weren't afraid of work.

And that, though few believe it, is still the only way to get on.

'We get a new record every Friday ... *and they cost us nothing!*'

"THINK OF IT! The latest Imperial records sent to you once a week, and not a penny to pay! It's these 'Private Seal' Cigarettes you just said you liked so much. *Six* gift coupons in every packet of twenty, so George and I can easily collect sixty coupons in a week .... Yes, that's a topping dance tune, isn't it? Now listen to this one, and tell me if you've ever heard a better record!"

FREE *for* **60** *coupons from* **10** *packets of* **20** *only* **200** *'Private Seal' Cigarettes.*

"IMPERIAL" GRAMOPHONE RECORDS. The latest electrical recordings of famous artistes and bands. All the newest song and dance successes to choose from. Send for this month's list and quote the number of the record you want. Why wait three weeks when you can get it in one? *Ask for Gift No.* 36.

Private Seal

CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES

(also plain)

6 COUPONS WITH EVERY 1/- PACKET OF 20

3 *coupons with every* **6d PACKET OF 10**

POST THIS COUPON FOR FULL LIST OF GIFTS IN COLOUR

Magnificent Gramophones, Records, Cameras, Tableware, Handbags, Wireless Valves and dozens of other free gifts—all to be had in one-third of the ordinary time! Fill in the coupon and get the 'Private Seal' Book of Gifts *to-day*, and six FREE Coupons.

J.B.13.

Name.....

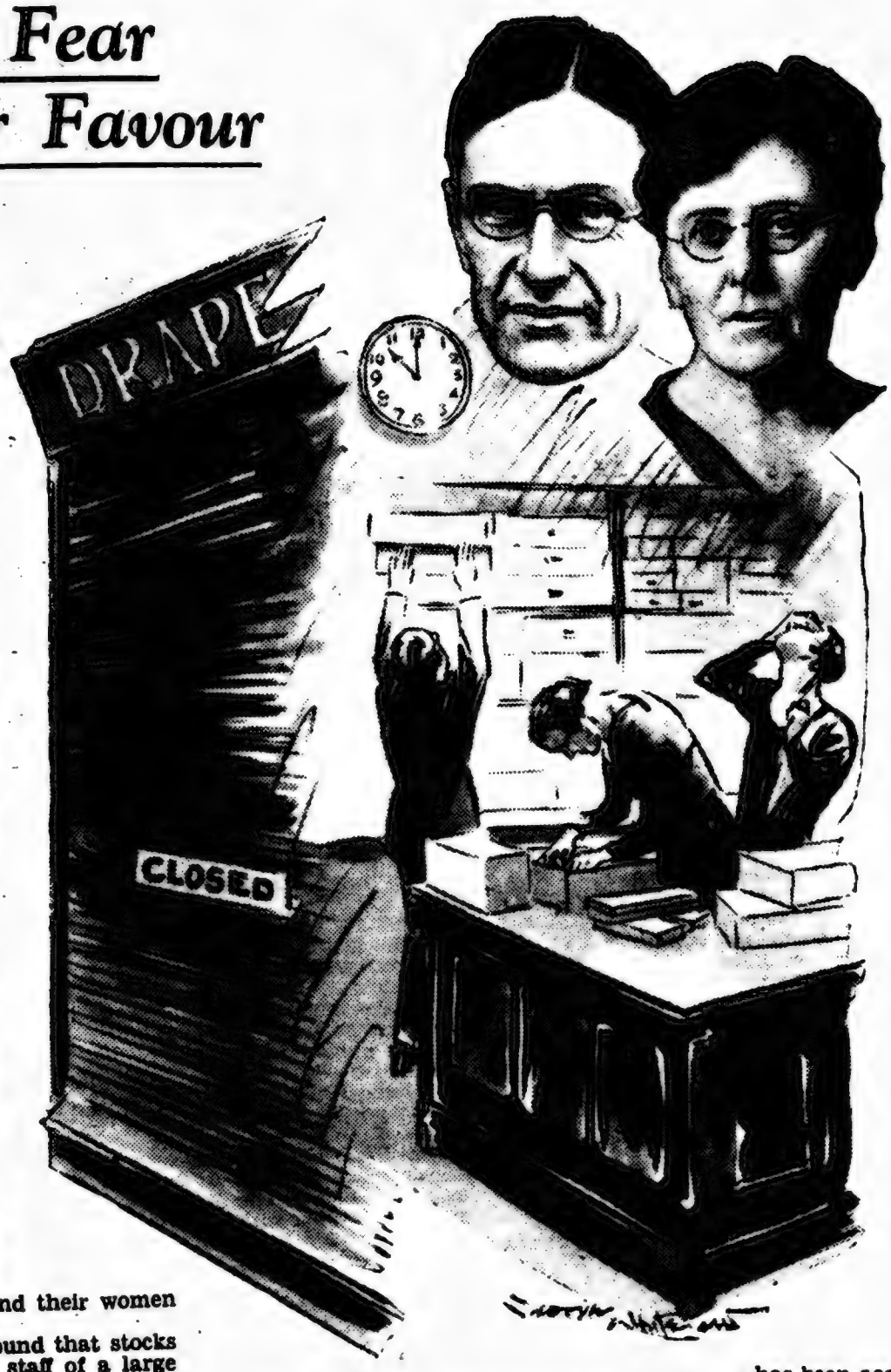
Address.....

.....

Post coupon (½d. stamp in an unsealed envelope) to
MOUSTAFA LTD., 84, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

SLAVES of the SHOPS

WITHOUT *Fear or Favour*



"Get behind the shutters of those shops"

A word of advice to Mr. C. R. Baxton, Chairman of the Select Committee enquiring into shop-assistants' conditions, and Dr. Ethel Bentham

FIVE Commissions and Committees have added their dump to the National Wastepaper-basket, but countless thousands of men and women, boys and girls under eighteen are still working 74 hours and more a week at the counters of our shops and stores.

The present Government is moving; but if it does not step on the gas it will be damned along with all other Governments, and undergo, in addition, the suspicion that it does not bother about the black coats—and skirts.

There are humanitarian and intelligent employers who know that shorter hours mean brighter employees and quicker sales, but a vast number take full advantage of their immunity at law to sweat and ruin the health of their shop-assistants.

JOHN BULL, through experienced representatives, has collected some damning facts from widely separated parts of Britain.

Pale-faced, tired-looking girls, interviewed in a large town in South Wales, told of a weary week of 71 hours worked behind a grocery counter.

At nine o'clock on Saturday night a staff of Scottish girls were finishing the week of 72 hours; in a town in the south of England young men complained of a week of 72 hours worked by themselves and their women colleagues.

One of our investigators found that stocks were taken on Sunday by the staff of a large multiple firm of grocers, the time occupied in this work ranging from 6 to 8 hours.

A large multiple firm with a kingdom-wide reputation imposes on its employees, the great majority of whom are juniors or women, a working week of 61½ hours; while porters and vanmen in the wholesale grocery trade were found to be working as long as 72 hours in one week.

In the sickly atmosphere of the confectionery trade in the North of England girls work alternate weeks of 58½ and 62½ hours, alternate Sundays of 3 and 7 hours accounting for the difference in the two weeks.

WITH no time either for pleasure or recreation, yet another staff of girls in the same trade was found to be tolerating a week of 89¾ hours.

If the public were alive to the enormity of keeping girls standing at a counter for 15 hours a day there would be no room in any town for so ruthless an employer.

Another large multiple firm, with branches in almost every district in London, makes its employees work 64½ and 74½ hours alternate weeks. All-day duty on alternate Sundays adds the extra 10 hours to one week.

In all too many cases the wages paid are out of all proportion to the hours worked, but for the moment we confine ourselves to those other conditions which constitute a grave public scandal.

An amazing fact is that the hours worked after the shop closes are not considered as overtime by the bad type of trader.

Women shoppers when insisting on their purchases being sent home within a few hours do not think of the tired assistants putting away stock and attending to the despatch of orders for hours after the customer has departed and the shop-doors have been closed.

Yet the following cases will show to what an extent the system of overtime prevails throughout the country.

In five different shops visited in South Wales assistants work a weekly 10, 11, 12½, 14½ and 16 hours' overtime. On the East Coast a multiple firm claims 8 extra hours a week from its men and women assistants.

In the West of England 8½ hours is the rule; while in the South 10½ is the average.

Two cases in the Midlands show 6 and 12 hours respectively. In Scotland one staff puts in a weekly 7½ hours, and in the North of England another set of weary slaves carries on for 17 hours a week after closing time.

There is, too, a particularly trying and unnecessary practice in some drapery establishments of keeping a whole staff waiting for one belated customer.

If, for instance, some woman may prove difficult to serve, a staff of a hundred or more may be kept waiting after a long and trying day until the unfortunate assistant with the late customer has made a sale.

It is not at all surprising that serious disabilities are the result of such conditions.

DR. ETHEL BENTHAM, an unimpeachable authority on the subject, has publicly stated that she has never found shop-assistants enjoying reasonable conditions of health, the reason of which could be directly traced to excessively long hours and inadequate ventilation.

This falls over on the wrong side of condemnation, for there are many model stores in which reasonable and even fine conditions prevail.

That quota of progressive firms will increase slowly by sheer force of competition, because it is being realised that better conditions mean better work.

But it is to the reactionaries of business that the Government must direct its attention at once.

Unfortunately there remain in all our industries employers who can only see their way to profits through long hours and little wages.

They have not yet even grasped the idea that coal-heavers and shop-assistants are alike public servants.

There is overwhelming evidence for shortening the hours of shop-assistants. It has been accumulating for years.

The Select Committee now enquiring into the matter is the sixth of its kind to be appointed by various Governments.

It may be said that adult shop-assistants should be able to take care of themselves, but what of boys and girls drafted from the schoolroom to an occupation where such hours are exacted?

There has been no legislation to protect the child shop-worker since 1886, when an Act was passed which legalises a working week of 74 hours for boys and girls under eighteen years of age.

THE world has moved in forty-four years, but while that doltish Act remains there is little wonder that the more ruthless employer feels justified in pursuing his merciless methods.

The excessive hours worked in the cases we have cited by way of example are quite unnecessary and should not be countenanced.

The more reputable firms and companies have declared that their trade has not suffered as a result of observing a 44 to 48 hours working week.

There must be new legislation to get behind the windows of the shops and stores *after closing hours.*

A new marine monster, the observation shell. Chief Diver Alberto Gianni, on the "Egypt" expedition, equipped with 'phone and respirator

Bombs sent down to blow a hole in the "Egypt's" upper deck

SUNKEN treasure! It thrills still in wonder days when Atlantic flights and submarine expeditions to the Pole leave schoolboys bored.

Pirate gold and Spanish galleons; lost ships worth a king's ransom down with Davy Jones in his green fathoms; wealth that wastrels cannot squander, but which heroes can earn.

The recent discovery by intrepid Italian divers in the Atlantic depths of the liner *Egypt*, which sank beyond Ushant eight years ago with a million pounds' worth of specie, has thrilled the world.

Five tons of gold and forty-five tons of silver! Divers, more like robots than men in their suits of steel, have stood within yards of the fortune 66 fathoms down. So near and yet so far.

But next year, when operations are resumed, they will batter their way relentlessly into the drowned vessel and the sea will give up its stolen riches.

Yes, and in the years to come the seven seas will have wrested from them untold treasure that lies in their bosoms.

The wonder-shell

Modern research and diving apparatus have so advanced that it is possible to work at depths that before have been fabled only in legends.

The latest British diving-apparatus recently adopted by the Admiralty is a massive steel cylinder complete with telephone, steel arms and hands working on watertight ball-sockets.

A continuous supply of fresh air is obtained from large oxygen tubes, making it possible for two men to work in comfort without a diving-dress over a flood-lighted wreck.

The interior is a cabin in miniature, and there is even a trap-door from which, if necessary, one of the divers can emerge.

And, marvellous as is this monster of the deep, it is but the forerunner of even more marvellous treasure-finders that will be employed in the years to come.

The world's waters abound with wealth.

The wrecks of no fewer than thirty-one treasure-ships lie off the African coast alone. Some are centuries old, but gold does not die with the years.

Robots of the deep

Decks rot, the sea-flowers bloom on hulls, masts are eaten away and engines rust into decay, but the treasure remains for science—and the brave.

Great floodlights will illuminate the ocean bed. Cameras will record the exact resting-place of the sought-for treasure-ship.

Explosives and machinery will blast and bore a way to the treasure. "Mechanical" men, like monsters of a vanished race, will send it to the surface—back again to earth.

Gianni and Bargellini, the Italian divers who located the *Egypt* in the restless Atlantic, with its treacherous clouds, fogs and currents, are the heralds of scores of heroes to come.

Imagine them, 396 ft. down—their eyes unable to penetrate more than a yard or so through the faint, green sea light, groping with mechanical hands like the talons of a monster of prey.

And all the time talking to those above through their telephones. "I can see the end of a ship's hull. . . . I can see her taffrail."

A million pounds seen through an inch of glass 66 fathoms under the sea! Is that a thrill?

And knowing, even as they talked calmly to the vigilants above, that, with all this heavy armour, a single broken joint in their under-sea suits would mean death, quick and horrible.

Water 400 ft. deep exerts a pressure equal to that in a locomotive boiler. A flaw in the steel envelope and the diver is crushed like an egg-shell.

If the *Egypt's* treasure is successfully salved next year, when operations are resumed, an attempt with the marvellous modern diving-gear will be made in Navarino Bay, where a Turkish flagship sank with £10,000,000 in 1827.

Many fruitless efforts have been made to recover her gold, and in 1824 the Greek Government invited tenders for the job on a percentage basis. The offer still holds good.

A few months ago the *Garthpool*, the last of the British windjammers, was lost off a reef in Bona Vista.

On the same spot the British East Indiaman *Hartwell*, laden with an immense treasure in gold, jewels and silver dollars, was lost at a time when guns were mounted on the poop to keep mutineers at bay.

The *Hartwell* not only carried her own consignment of treasure, but also that of the *Belvidere*, a disabled vessel, which had been transferred for safe custody, and it was this knowledge which inspired Andrew Jackson, a Liverpool sailor, to launch and lead a mutiny.

Jackson, who attempted to murder the chief officer, Charles Christe, was made prisoner by Captain Flott, and the vessel sank in the fighting that followed, the survivors enduring sixteen days in an open boat.

But all the sunken treasure does not lie so far from home.

Visitors to Margate, for instance, are rarely aware that silver bullion to the value of £70,000 lies somewhere on the near-by sandbanks.

It is part of the treasure of the *Hindostan*, which went

Grabbed! The great scissors which brought up the captain's safe from the "Egypt"

A romance of sea salvage—"Hindenburg" exhumed from her suicide grave in Scapa Flow

Diver Bell, the Navy's deep sea expert, equipped ready to reach the sunken Submarine H-47 in the Irish Sea

Robbing DAVY JONES!

ashore on the night of January 11, 1803. All that has ever been recovered is silver bars worth about £11,000. A fortune is still beneath the waves.

Treasure worth three million pounds, and jewels and valuables belonging to Sir Thomas and Lady Rumbold, were lost when the *General Barker* dragged her moorings in the Downs in 1781.

Sir Thomas, who was the Governor of Madras, was returning home in the ill-fated ship, which was driven ashore near Ostend and became a complete wreck. To-day her fortune is in the sands.

Near by lies the wreck of the British man-of-war, *La Lutine*, which went ashore during the winter of 1799, with treasure worth half a million aboard.

Of this vast fortune only £100,000 has been recovered. Under-sea adventurers of the future will pluck the rest from the ocean bed.

Another Naval vessel that went down to Davy Jones with munificent offering was H.M.S. *Athenienne*.

Carrying mail and despatches for the Mediterranean Fleet, as well as coin to the value of £100,000, she was lost on a reef some sixty miles East of Malta.

Nearly four hundred persons perished. And the vessel's riches lie scattered to this day around the treacherous Esquerques Rocks.

The treasure-hunters of the future will have to include detectives as well as divers. There are scores of sunken treasures known to exist, but exactly where is a mystery.

There are clues, of course, many dating back into past ages, and years may have to be spent investigating them in many lands before salvage operations can begin.

Kruger's treasury

Such a mystery is that of the Kruger millions, which disappeared when the British were advancing on Pretoria in 1900.

It is reputed that Oom Paul's treasury was sacked and sent by track-oxen into Portuguese territory. Subsequently it reached Delagoa Bay, where it was shipped in cases disguised as State documents in the *Dorothy Gerrard*.

The schooner was wrecked somewhere off the Pondoland Sands, and all was lost. British divers went out to Durban in 1902, but the depths still keep their secret of the Kruger gold.

The coast-line of South-East Africa is strewn with the wrecks of many treasure-ships lost when doubling the Cape homeward bound with rich spoil from the East.

So far back as 1586 the Portuguese treasure-ship, *St. James*, homeward bound to Lisbon with the wealth of the Indies, went down near the Cape.

Near by are the remains of the *Jonge Thomas*, a Dutch East Indiaman, which went ashore in 1773. Although she lies in comparatively shallow water, no effort was made to salve her treasure.

The famous *Grosvenor* and her millions lie undisturbed a few miles further north—the world's most tantalising challenge to the treasure-hunters.

Pirate gold

The *Grosvenor*, homeward bound to London with bar-gold to the value of £3,000,000, was lost twenty-five miles north of St. John's River in Pondoland in 1782.

The ambitious idea of constructing a tunnel from the shore to the wreck has been abandoned, but modern salvage methods will one day snatch its treasure back from the deep.

Pirate gold exists not only in the imagination of fiction-writers and small boys. Hoards of it lie buried off the shores of Madagascar.

The buccaneers scuttled their ships at the approach of the British Fleet. Many escaped into the bush, leaving their treasure behind them in the sinking vessels so that no trace of their ill-deeds might be discovered.

Several attempts have been made to find the lost riches.

As recently as 1926, an expedition, inspired by the success of native divers who had found stray coins, recovered a quantity of specie. It was only sufficient to cover expenses, however, and the venture was dropped.

Round about the bays of the West Indies lie blood-stained gold and jewels among the coral. This is the treasure of the pirate Morgan, around whom more legends have been woven than any other pirate in history.

His wealth was hidden in the caves of Port Royal, but an earthquake shattered them and swept them seaward. Whoever finds the scattered hoard will be rich beyond dreams.

Jean Lafette, another notorious buccaneer, was mate of the French East Indiaman *Pagoda*. He mutinied, became ringleader of a terrible band of cut-throats, and captured a large number of vessels off the Spanish Main.

But his luck did not hold, for all his blood-stained treasure was lost off Barrataria Island.

One of the most priceless treasure-ships that ever put to sea was the *Jeune Henri*, which was lost in the fearsome Bay of Biscay in 1789.

Packed with gold ingots from America, it has never yet disgorged its treasure, and it will be many years before salvage operations have reached a state compatible with tackling a job so difficult.

Under-sea flood-lighting will, however, do much to mitigate the problems that have faced the treasure-hunters of the past.

Success may soon be expected, where several expeditions have failed hitherto, in locating the gold and precious stones from the Peruvian churches which lie buried somewhere near the Island of Pinaki, east of Tahiti.

All over the world there are tempting baits for fortune-hunters. There is risk and adventure enough for generations to come.

There is the *Santa Cruz*, which was driven ashore on the Pembroke coast with nearly £5,000,000 of treasure.

The *Infanta*, a Spanish treasure-ship, lies in Bantry Bay with a hundred cases of gold and 1,120 lb. of silver and twenty cases of gold ornaments.

Drowned cities

The schooner *General Grant* went down off the Auckland Islands with two million sterling beneath her hatches.

Nearer home, a vast fortune of two million lies in Tobermory Bay, Scotland.

These and many more are the fortunes that a breed of "mechanical men" will wrest from the deep. But will it stop at that?

There are sunken kingdoms under the sea that may be forced to yield the wealth that has for so long been hidden from the hands and eyes of man.

The "Empire of the Sun," the land of Mu, for instance, sank in the Pacific 43,000 years ago. All that remains above sea-level of the vast continent, with its cities and temples, is a group of islands.

In the good time of science and the centuries these lost lands, too, will disgorge their secrets—and their treasure.

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A Strong-Room VENDETTA

The burglar's deadliest weapon — the oxy-acetylene blow-pipe

THE burglary season is about to begin. Now is the time of year when a young burglar's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of safes.

It is the season when experienced gangs are planning the details of big coups, sifting the information which they have accumulated during the summer months.

They are discussing such problems as whether the Oppenheimer safe in Hatton Garden will yield to the improved circular cutter, or whether the big new metal alloy door of the vault in the Central Bank is worth tackling with an oxy-acetylene blow-pipe.

Similar doubts give moments of uneasiness to bank managers in their waking hours. They are always haunted by the shadow of the safe-breaker.

Behind their fear lies a story of more than a century's struggle between safe-manufacturer and thief. It is a struggle which is likely to continue with increasing ferocity for many a long year to come.

Ding-dong battle

Sometimes one side gains the advantage, sometimes the other. No burglar has yet found an infallible safe-breaking tool. No inventor has yet produced a burglar-proof safe.

It is nearly a century and a half ago that an English engineer realised that the banded treasure-chests of his day provided an easy leverage for a crowbar.

He designed a safe without bands, and from then onwards the safe-breaker found his task more and more difficult, until to-day he is faced with highly polished surfaces which give him no more to get hold of than a greasy pole provides for a climber.

Sixty years ago the favourite method of forcing safes was by driving wedges into the chinks round the sides of the door. These wedges bent out the sides of the safe and so allowed a crowbar to be inserted.

For a time burglars had things very much their own way. Then they found themselves confronted with closely-fitting doors, thick walls which would not bend, and interior strips of metal which prevented the wedges being driven.

So their next move was to turn their attention to the lock. Small holes were drilled round the lock to undermine its security.

The "solid" safe

A counter-move to this was made possible by the timely introduction of high-carbon steel. In safes to-day a plate of very hard steel, through which it is almost impossible to drill, is fitted between the outer door-plate and the lock.

Baffled temporarily by this stroke, safe-breakers looked for other weak points, and found them along the edges and at the corners, where the plates of the safe of fifty years ago were welded and riveted together.

But the great improvements in the manufacture of steel plates gave the manufacturers a powerful handle for a counter-attack.

A "solid" safe was introduced. Its top, bottom and two sides were bent from a single steel plate. The corners were solid, and flanges were formed either at the back, or at both back and front.

Science put a powerful weapon into the safe-breaker's hands—dynamite.

Hard steel which could resist the hack-saw, the steel drill, the circular cutter, or even the electric drill, was shattered by high explosives.

On the other hand, the soft, malleable steel which could only be bent by dynamite could easily be bored through.

So the makers constructed a safe composed of layers of hard and soft steel welded together.

The chief difficulty a burglar who relies on cutting and drilling has to contend with is to get a "purchase" on some part of the safe so as to bring force to bear on it.

The police recently discovered an ingenious set of tools which copes with this difficulty. It first bores through the side of the safe.

The tool is then firmly bolted to the safe through this hole, after which a revolving cutter working on a descending spiral cuts gradually into the metal, eventually boring a large, circular hole.

Deadly gelignite

Wrenches are in use working on the same principle. These are used only for lighter safes, and are intended to tear open the door.

The use of high explosives on the lock of a safe has provided as pretty a battle of contending wits as can be found anywhere in the annals of crime.

The burglar has now at his service an extremely deadly explosive called gelignite. It is simple to use, looks rather like putty, and can easily be stuffed into a keyhole.

To prevent its insertion bankers' safes are now fitted with shutters, either in the form of a rotating disc or a sliding bar built into the door so as to close the entrance to the lock.

After locking the safe, the shutter action is locked by a dial, set on the face of the door.

But in case all these precautions fail, a still more elaborate safety device is now fitted to the biggest and most modern safes.

The burglar of to-day who succeeds in blowing a lock with gelignite may find to his mortification that the force of the explosion has released a further and much stronger series of bolts, so that the prize is even further from his reach than it was before.

The most deadly weapon of all, however, which the burglar finds to hand is the oxy-acetylene blow-pipe, which develops a temperature of 5,000 to 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and will cut through practically all known steels.

It was scarcely known before the war, but now it is in general use in industry. An acetylene flame is fed direct with oxygen, which is carried in cylinders about 4 ft. high.

Blocking the blow-pipe

There are certain inconveniences. The burglar is spattered with molten steel. He has to wear glasses to shield his eyes. And the blinding white light which is thrown out by the blow-pipe increases the dangers of detection.

But the advantages are enormous. With his blow-pipe a safe-breaker literally burns away the metal as if it were matchwood.

Having warmed his steel, he turns on a jet of oxygen which attacks it together with the flame and shatters it in spurts of molten metal. It is all over in a few minutes.

The reply to this deadly weapon of attack hinges on a clever use of a well-known property of copper.

Copper is a good conductor of heat, which means that if you try to melt a part of a copper plate the heat will rapidly spread over the plate instead of remaining localised.

The main safe in the Mitsui Bank in Tokyo, the biggest bank in Asia, is constructed of copper plates 12 in. thick, with a door 20 in. thick.

Vaults' robot brain

A gang equipped with an oxy-acetylene blow-pipe would be able to melt the first inch or two in a few minutes. But after this they would find that instead of penetrating any deeper their blow-pipe was heating up the entire safe.

It is calculated that it would take six hours to force an entrance with a blow-pipe.

In the most up-to-date safes used in this country a layer of copper is incorporated between layers of soft and hard steel so that the three metals together are proof against the cutter, high explosives, and the blow-pipe.

Thus the state of the battle stands—what will be the next move on either side?

From America we have details of a super time-lock, fitted with four chronometer movements, to control the opening of the Wall Street vaults by the functioning of a robot brain.

From Scotland Yard we hear of an electric safe which in favourable circumstances a burglar could work off the owner's electric meter.

So it goes on—blow and counter-blow.

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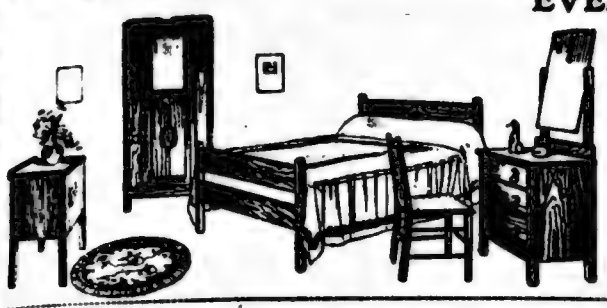

Very charming group in dark oak suitable for small room, consists of 2ft. 9in. wardrobe with mirror and hanging accommodation. Neat dressing table with three drawers. Dressing chest with spacious cupboard and one chair. Well constructed 4ft. bedstead in oak to match, with wire spring overlay, bolster and two pillows completes the group.

GROUP COMPLETE £20 0 0

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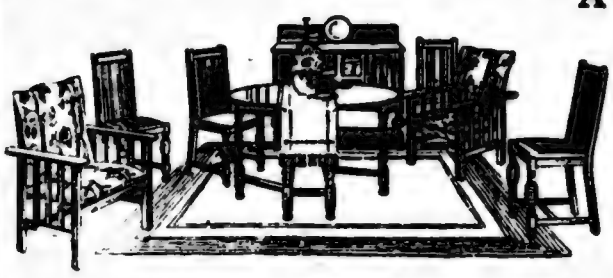

A very convenient dining room group finished in oak comprising 4ft. bow front sideboard with 3 drawers and 2 roomy cupboards £2 17s. 6d. 4ft. gate-leg table £1 2s. 6d. Four small chairs with drop-in rexine seats £3. Two comfortable armchairs covered in beautiful shadow tissue, £1 12s. 6d. each.

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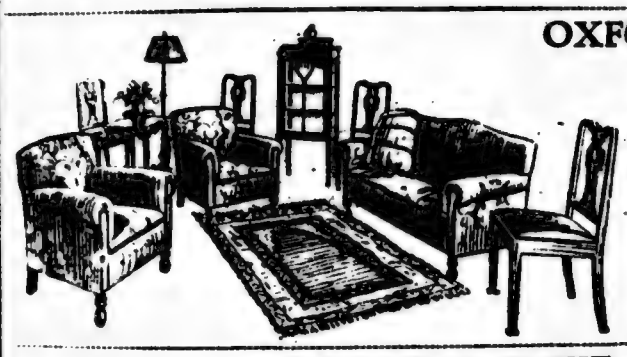

Choice Drawing-room group consisting of mahogany finished Cabinet, £3 18s. 0d. Seven-piece Settee Suite, consisting large settee, two well-upholstered chairs and four drop-in seat small chairs, all finished mahogany. £17 0s. 0d. Also Louis mahogany-finished fancy table, £1 12s.

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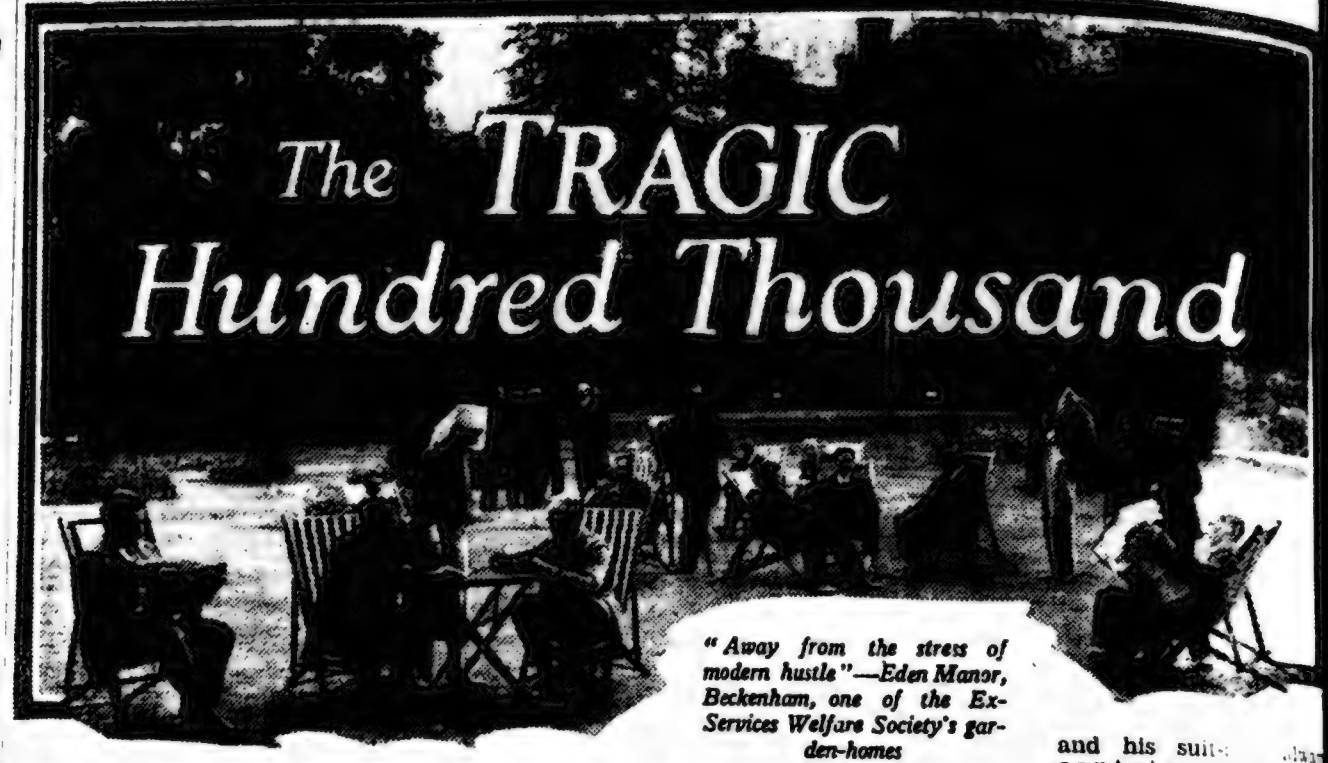

"Away from the stress of modern hustle"—Eden Manor, Beckenham, one of the Ex-Services Welfare Society's garden-homes

OF all the terrible results occasioned by the Great War, probably the most poignant is the case of the mental ex-soldier, ex-sailor or civilian.

No fewer than 100,000 of these men are still groping in utter or partial darkness, trying to pick up the threads of normal life which the great upheaval shattered for them.

And the pitiable thing seems to be just that there is nothing obvious to pity. The neurasthenic has nothing to show. He and he alone knows of his sleepless nights, his nameless terrors, and the black, hopeless outlook that confronts him.

• • •

Only about a third of this army of the nerve-shattered is recognised officially, while the majority are fighting a lone battle with present-day conditions in which they are bound to come off second-best.

They cannot compete in the industrial world. Employers will not risk taking them on.

• • •

Over 6,000 of these unfortunates are in lunatic asylums, many of them with little hope of ever coming out, and another 32,000 are officially recognised as belonging to the mentally disabled class—disabled, that is, entirely through war service.

A human society

THIS leaves many more thousands to the care of the only organisation that exists to help—the Ex-Services Welfare Society, which takes a real human interest in their special needs and has given untold practical help in housing, employment, relief and representation to the Ministry of Pensions.

The society has thirty or forty neurological consulting specialists all over the country, and garden-homes in Kent where patients can be treated quietly away from the stress of modern hustle and traffic.

It also has an industrial centre at Leatherhead, where those who have recovered can earn a living wage under suitable conditions.

It is here that the now well-known Thermega electric blanket, a contrivance for warming beds, is made—the profits going towards the work of the society.

There is a fund for seeing to the needs of dependants of the men while they undergo treatment, and a scheme for building cottages for the employees and their families at Leatherhead. Ten thousand interviews are given every year.

This ghastly torture

EVEN so, there are doubtless hundreds of mentally disabled who have never heard of these activities. Should they want to communicate, the president is Sir Frederick Milner, and the address, 53, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

An enthusiastic worker in a splendid cause: Mr. Ralph Millbourn, Chairman of the Society

What actually are these men suffering from?

Few people who have not endured the agony of shattered nerves can grasp the mental tortures peculiar to this type of neurasthenia.

The "mental" case is afraid of the dark, afraid of other men and women, and afraid of himself.

He harbours absurd suspicions that every man's hand is against him and especially those near and formerly dear to him.

He may have continuous buzzings and other noises in the head.

He is unable to concentrate on anything. He has little stamina to face facts, and generally feels that some sinister, inexorable power has him in its grasp.

His nights are sleepless and his days a misery. He often fears to go out into the street. He stops indoors with fingers and limbs twitching in terror.

Perhaps he appeared quite well after the war, and showed no signs of mental trouble till recent years; or his condition may be a direct result of shell-shock, easily traced.

Hopeless fight

AGAIN, he may have received treatment in a home, then gone out into the world to earn his living, only to return after finding modern conditions too strenuous to fight.

In the first stages he will display irritation and bad temper to those around him; but this often develops into a lassitude and hopelessness that is even worse to experience than his tantrums.

Added to this, he may be an epileptic subject. Epilepsy, especially, has a damaging effect upon the moral sense, and epilepsy can be in many cases directly traced back to war service in one capacity or another.

• • •

One of the society's patients, wounded in the head years before, with apparently slight effects, gradually became obsessed with a mania for walking the big stores and stealing certain articles to the exclusion of anything else. They were socks, sock-suspenders and soap.

He was caught on several occasions, and his suit-[illegible] contained [illegible] articles named.

The police have been considerate, and it has been conclusively proved by the society's doctors that he was suffering from epilepsy brought about directly through war service.

• • •

Many of these men are highly educated.

A doctor who held an important post as pathologist before the war joined up in a fighting regiment, and was afterwards taken out of the line to work on the problem of trench fever. From 1915 to 1927 he was engaged in this work.

Drifting . . .

THEN suddenly his nerve went, and he found himself in an asylum.

He was discharged after some weeks as fit, but he had no pension or means of livelihood, drifted to the workhouse, and finally to a hovel in a London slum, where the society found him.

He has now recovered sufficiently to enable him to take up an important post in the medical profession.

The point is that the trouble was due entirely to war service, though it did not manifest itself till many years after.

• • •

An ex-chaplain, who went back to his country living, suddenly imagined that he was suffering from a terrible disease. His life became one long dread of his parishioners getting to hear of it.

He also entered a home, as it was impossible for him to carry on his work. Again the hallucination was traced to war service.

• • •

One of the most pitiable cases is that of a promising pre-war schoolboy, who won prizes in all directions and finally joined the Navy.

He was wounded in the head during a famous exploit and recommended for the highest honours in recognition of his bravery. He was at the time one of the healthiest beings in mind and body.

But no sooner had he obtained his discharge than he began drifting into a life of crime. His moral sense appeared to leave him completely.

War's after-crimes

HE was accorded every chance which magistrates and police could give him, but ended up in Broadmoor Criminal Asylum.

When released, he came to interview the Ex-Services Welfare Society, an unutterable wreck, and fell in a fit in the office.

He was examined by specialists, and the case was diagnosed as epilepsy directly following on war wounds.

In this case, as in thousands of others, war, and war only, turned a useful, honourable and promising career into one of degeneracy, lunacy and crime.

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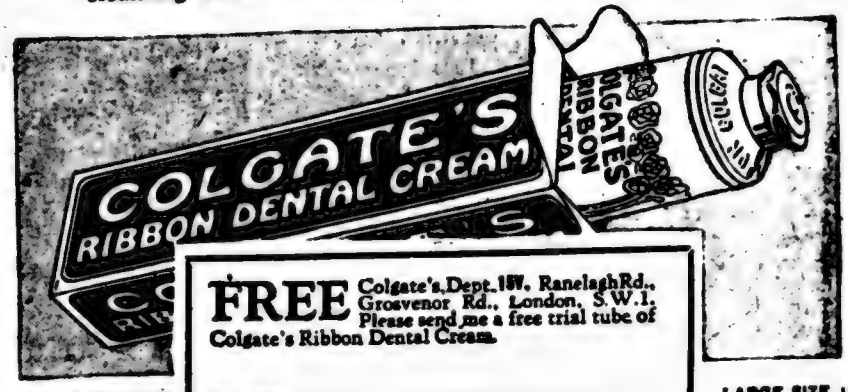

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Issued by Natural Chemicals, Ltd., London

An Acrobat WITH A PICK

THE axe and the mattock are his weapons, and he stands high above us on a girder, the symbol of this age of destruction and reconstruction.

The face of the towns of Britain is changing.

In the capital, whole thoroughfares are torn down and new avenues built upon their sites, as in the case of Regent Street.

In the provinces, similar drastic changes are taking place in the physiognomy of cities.

Great new schemes of slum-clearance are heralded, which will give more work still for the demolishers to perform—and high time, too.

In a sense, the man who works at demolition—whether he be "mattock man" or "digger" or "brick-cleaner" or "scurf"—is the opposite of the building worker. One starts on top and works downwards, while the builder works upwards from the foundation.

They spank the Yank

Many people think that house-wrecking is done by building labourers. Not at all. The men who work on wrecking jobs are specialists, and they stick to this branch.

Housebreakers must work as fast as possible. The work has been brought to such a pitch of efficiency by our contractors that we can give the Americans spades and beat them hands down.

Thus, it takes about ten weeks to demolish completely a building which it took eighteen months to build. In ten weeks, not a splinter of it will remain, and great, gaping holes will show where once its foundations stood.

For your demolisher is also an excavator. Not content with wiping out a building, he often excavates much more deeply than its foundations, in order that the builder of the new edifice may find everything ready for the deeper foundations which more modern buildings are given.

They are a closely knit fraternity, the men who work at housebreaking, bound together by the peculiar mysteries of their craft, and by danger.

They must not have a temperamental aversion from heights. They must be able to step lightly and carelessly along a 6 in. girder, some 100 ft. above ground.

It is dangerous work. You cannot use scaffolding in demolition; and often, in sheer bravado or haste, the men will neglect to lash their ladders, despite the orders of their foreman.

He who gets "nutted"

There are the skilled men, who actually hack down the walls. They are usually called "mattock men" or "diggers."

Then there are the labourers, who clean up the rubble and load it on the lorries. They are called "brick-cleaners" or "scurfs."

But even the unskilled labourer must learn where to stand when the men are working above, so that he does not get "nutted."

A labourer gets 1s. 3d. or 1s. 4d. per hour and the skilled man 1s. 8d.

As to the hours they work, it is impossible, on a job of this sort, to have a set limit. It is never less than ten hours, and often many more.

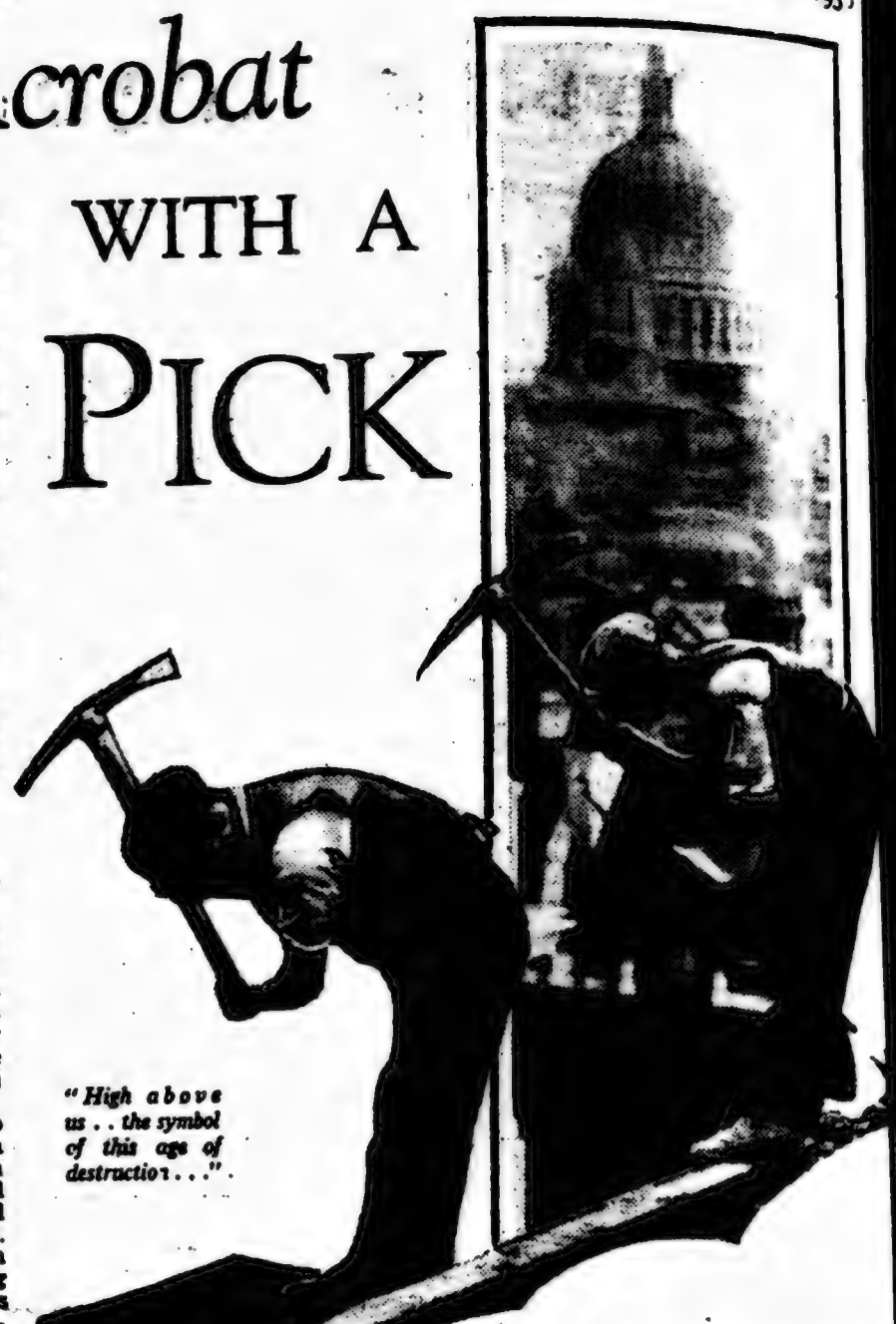
Often, most of the actual wrecking work is done at night, especially in cases where the job is on a busy and not too wide thoroughfare.

Working at night enables the job to be finished soon, so that dust and noise and inconvenience are at an end. And there is less danger to pedestrians.

Slow cartage means a slow breaking job and less men employed.

For example, there is the big wrecking job now taking place in the narrow streets of London's foreign quarter, Soho.

There is room for only two lorries at a time. If there were more room, there would be four, and the job would be sped up accordingly.



"High above us . . the symbol of this age of destruction . . ."

Hurry, hurry and more hurry!—that is the keynote of housebreaking. As one big contractor says, "Every job is a panic job."

The architect or builder of the new building which is to go up is always worrying the poor house-wrecker.

Even two days after the job has started, as a matter of principle, they will be complaining that the demolition is not fast enough.

For a large job, a gang of fifty men is quite usual. They will attack the heavy brick-work with mattocks and picks, the wood with axes.

Acetylene burning plant, electric drills and pneumatic hammers are all part of the demolishers' equipment nowadays.

Crash!—and crash again!—as great masses of material fall thunderously to earth, there to be gone over and separated by the busy men below.

All materials are separated on the spot. Piles are formed of cast iron, scrap steel, useful girders, intact bricks. All these will be used again for various purposes, after they have been sold by the contractor.

It's dry work

A house-wrecking contractor not only receives a specific payment for his work, but also has the right to dispose of the materials.

Whole bricks, some steel, and good girders are used again in building. Broken bricks and concrete are used for making roads. Rubbish, like plaster and lime, is ground up for making mortar. So parts of old houses live again.

Nearly all old timber is useless, except for firewood. Old doors, window-frames and similar fittings are often sold to farmers, who use them for sheds and hen-houses.

Sometimes you will note a huge fire. This is for the immediate destruction of all worthless material, old timbers and old laths.

The great fire roars hungrily, and you can glimpse it through the chinks in the hoarding, as you return home at night. The "mattock men" are dragging down whole partitions at one blow, and are flinging them down on to the fire.

In some old buildings, with lots of mortar, you could almost push it over, the men will tell you. But it's dry work, with all that mortar floating about, and all that dust inhaled!

Without a whimper

So, every once in a while a man will cry, "What about it?" And the foreman will say, "You be' Bill!" And, with a chorus of acclamation, the men will knock off work and go up the road for a drink of beer.

For there are no set hours in this game. You can't all knock off at one o'clock prompt for dinner, and leave a wall to fall down.

The housebreakers make their own meal hours—whenever they can, and when they feel like taking a quarter of an hour off for a drink, they do so.

Most contractors have started as labourers. And it is quite common for the boss and the men to take a drink together, and to call each other by their first names.

A very strong clannishness and reckless disregard of danger, great energy and endurance, are characteristics of these men.

They believe in good living. Housebreakers never bring food with them on to the job; they always go to the coffee-shop where they can get a square meal.

Independent and proud, it is a point of honour not to moan or whimper if you get hurt. A man who was hurt, and had six stitches put in his arm at the hospital, insisted on returning to his work with one arm in a sling.

They do not receive much glory, but theirs is an essential task. They will rid us of the old, insecure and insanitary, so that stronger, cleaner and finer buildings may go up.

ANOTHER MARVELLOUS OFFER!

FREE

A 15 Gns. 5 Valve "DENNIS" Super Suit-Case Portable

British made. Fully Guaranteed. No Aerial, No Earth, No gadgets. Plays wherever you take it. British and Foreign Stations. Easily Tuned-in, with exceptionally powerful and rich volume.

GIFT FIRST COUPONS AFTER

Luxurious in appearance. Mahogany Front to Loudspeaker. Polished Panels. Crocodile finished case. Plated Fittings. An Ornament to every room. Full Guarantee with every set. Cuts out London with one slight turn, and brings in other numerous European Stations at your will.

Enjoy Listening-in while Collecting Coupons.

YOURS NOW FOR 60 COUPONS DOWN.

And after receipt of set you send 60 Coupons per month until 960 are sent in. Royalties, Valves and Batteries, 4 Guineas, or, in place of cash, if desired, a correspondingly larger number of coupons may be sent also in instalments. See Coupon.*

Amazing as the value of the gifts given with "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes have been, Fabian's are eclipsing all previous offers by this their latest and greatest offer in Free Gift History together with the facility of getting this free gift quicker and sooner than other offers. Whilst you are smoking and enjoying the fine fragrance and mellow smoothness of "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes, you can also enjoy listening-in.

Many other Valuable Gifts From 10 Coupons up.
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Readers of JOHN BULL are earnestly advised to participate in this excellent offer by filling in and posting the coupon below as soon as possible. In any case, cut this advertisement out for reference.

HOW IT IS DONE

The Makers of these Sets and the Manufacturers of the Component Parts, together with ourselves, contribute towards the cost of this astounding offer, in order to create a world-wide demand for Navy Club Cigarettes and for the Dennis Radio Sets.

A NEW STANDARD IN 10 for 6d. CIGARETTES

Here is a new Cigarette that is not only cool and smooth but really satisfying. Don't delay, call at the first Tobacconist you pass and buy a packet of "Navy Club." Of all good Cigarettes, the Best.

READ THIS—

ORIGINAL MAY BE SEEN AT OUR OFFICES.

Crewe.
20th May, 1930.

Dear Sirs,

I have great pleasure in informing you of the safe arrival of the "Dennis" Super Wireless Set, and I should like to take this opportunity to tender my sincere thanks for the courtesy and dispatch with which you have dealt with my order.

The "Dennis" Super, is, like "Navy Club" all that has been advertised and coupled together make an ideal combination, this is the opinion of a large number of my friends and myself who have smoked "Navy Club" and listened in to the 'Dennis Super.'

Yours faithfully, L. B. S.

Ask your Tobacconist To-day for your first Packet

Navy Club VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. —THREE QUALITIES— PLAIN Medium Strength | CORK Tipped Mild | IVORY Tipped Very Mild **20 for 1/-**

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TOOTH PASTE. A large tube costs only 1/-
MOUTH WASH. In Flasks, 1/6, 2/6 and 3/6

Aldwych T.F.57.30

PANGS OF NEURALGIA CEASE

Those agonising pains in your face and neck are often caused by your being run down. Bodily debility brings nervous debility too. That's why thousands of sufferers have found immediate relief through taking that tried old remedy Wincarnis.

Wincarnis—the purest wine with added meat extract and vitamin malt extract—will calm those irritated nerves almost overnight. In fact, you'll feel the benefit with your very first glass. It actually creates rich, new blood, restores the tissues and tones up the whole of your system.

If you know the terrors of neuralgia, if you are weak, nervy or run-down, try Wincarnis to-day. Take 3 glasses a day, at 11 3.30 and before you go to bed, and amazingly soon you'll feel the difference. The pains will go; you will be brighter, better, fitter in every way.

Sore Throat?

FORMAMINT, Wulfing Brand, destroys the disease germs in mouth and throat thus protecting you against infectious diseases.

At all Chemists, 2/6 a bottle.

Greatbatch Ltd. Loughborough Leicestershire

The CAPTAIN

A True Story by VANCE PALMER

Illustrated by Herbert Hyde

"When I looked back, he was sitting there trying to mend a broken watch"

It was at a rackety hotel in the mineral country of West Queensland that I met the Captain. I knew his real name, but it doesn't matter here.

He'd had a dazzling military career in Gallipoli and France, and his rank had been actually higher than captain, but his war record had been forgotten by himself and everyone else.

A big, impressive man, blue-eyed, he'd been prospecting in the dry country for three years, and had at last come upon a mountain of silver-lead.

"Cleared twenty thousand out of it," a friend told me; "enough to keep him all his life. But we can't get him away. He's been drinking here for four months and keeping the whole town."

He'd been drinking all that time, but he was never drunk, not in the ordinary way. He'd had a head-wound in the war, they said, and whisky didn't affect him much.

There was a queer look in his eyes, as if they hadn't been closed for months, and at nights you'd come upon him wandering about the passages in his socks, or standing on the balcony beefing out poetry to the stars.

In the daytime he was quiet enough, drinking in the bar with the rest, but there was something about him that made him stand out from the crowd.

I can't forget his big figure, always dressed in clean, white ducks; his light, tigerish step; the way he had of looking through you and out the other side. A powerful, imaginative man, slightly mad, I thought; yet I was drawn to him.

I found out that he never fully undressed, but merely changed from one white duck suit to another.

"That is because of a terrible ordeal he'd been through," someone explained to me. "They found him wandering about stark naked in the ridges. He'd left his mate to look for water, but he got off the track, and was lost to the world for a fortnight."

But it was difficult to get the whole story. No one seemed anxious to tell it; perhaps they didn't know.

All I could gather was that the Captain had been out prospecting in the dry country with a young fellow named Lew Fallon; that they'd made a strike and were coming back when their horses got away from them—all except one.

Two hundred miles from anywhere, in waterless country, with only one horse!

The Captain left the boy by a muddy soak, and rode off to look for water, but something went wrong, and he was found a couple of weeks afterwards, wandering about without his clothes.

Even then he wasn't able to direct them to the soak where he'd left the boy.

"And, of course, the little black ant found Lew before anyone else did," they told me.

It wasn't a cheerful story. Besides, I felt that there was something more in it than any of the crowd knew. The Captain had the look of a man who had some terrible drama going on in his mind, deep down.

Why did he stay in this wretched little place that held nothing but a few shanties and herds of frowsy goats feeding on stones and empty jam-tins? Why didn't he get away to the coast?

I was interested in getting him away. When I talked to him I saw that he was anxious to go, and yet was held back by some queer dread. Was it something about a woman? I couldn't find out.

There was a train leaving every three days, but when I'd get him to the point of buying his ticket he'd tear it up and fling the pieces away, finding some excuse for drawing back.

"Never travel on a Friday," he'd say. "It was on a Friday . . ."

I did get him to come with me in the end. The crowd that had been drinking with him at the hotel gathered round and gave him a great send-off, and he left enough behind him to let the taps run free for a week.

But the Captain wouldn't sit still in the train, and I felt he was going

(*Continued on p. 30*)

"....SIMPLY MARVELLOUS"

writes SIR JOHN BAYLEY. founder of WREKIN COLLEGE

So says an authority whose opinion on pens and penmanship carries the greatest weight. Only the most genuine enthusiasm for Platignum could have induced Sir John to send us this letter of unstinted praise.

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Read what this great authority writes—then try a Platignum Pen for yourself next time you pass a Stationer's shop.

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I have tested five samples of your Platignum Pens, and while I do not desire to injure any trade or disparage the use of gold nibs by those who can afford them, I feel bound to say that your pens and their very moderate price meet a very great want in the Schools and Offices of the Country. There is no necessity for any parent to spend money on gold nibs for their children. The Platignum Pens are excellent and the price is simply marvellous, and you deserve a great sale.

Believe me, Yours truly,
(SIR) JOHN BAYLEY,
Founder of Wrekin College, Shropshire.

P.S.—You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you like, and as I have no monetary interest in your Company, either direct or indirect, parents or teachers alike may know that I write in the general interest of the community.—J. Bayley."

The original of the above can be seen at our office.

Stationers everywhere stock Platignum Pens and will gladly show you a wide range of models, with nibs to suit all hands.

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15 COLOUR'S
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PENS, PENCILS,
WRITING WALLET & DESK SETS

If unable to obtain write to the makers. Illustrated List Free.

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Dept. B.J.10, PLATIGNUM HOUSE, HACKNEY, LONDON, E.9.

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"THE CAPTAIN"—*Continued from page 28*

MARGARET PETERSON,

popular novelist, writes her True Story next week of a pretty woman with a passion for romance—

"But There's One Night!"

through hell, though I couldn't tell why.

He paced about the corridor, looking like a caged tiger, and stopping to stare at the bare hills, with their clumps of spinifex and their outcrops of metal.

"Denman Street," he kept muttering, "Second house on the right. Curved gravel-path from the gate."

It sounded a little mad, the raving of a disordered brain; but when he talked of ordinary things he was sane enough. There was a penetration about his mind, as if he'd looked deeper into life than most people.

And he had a curious, likeable quality, something that would always attract both men and women to him.

On the train there was a crowd of men who knew him, and they hung about the carriage, asking him questions about this or that.

But he slipped away from them and went out on to the rear platform, staring at the bare, metallic hills that were slowly flattening down into grassy plains.

I found out from the other men that he'd been desperately attached to Lew Fallon, the boy he had to leave behind at the soak on that fatal morning.

"Loved him like a brother," they said. "If anyone said a word about young Lew, the Captain's coat would go off like the peel of an onion. They'd knocked around for three years together, sharing good times and bad.

"It was the devil's own luck that they had such a smash-up just when they'd struck something that would put them on velvet.

"Twenty thousand! I'll bet it don't mean anything to the Captain now that young Lew's gone. . . . There's someone down in town he doesn't want to face—most likely the boy's mother."

YES, there was someone at the end of the journey that the Captain didn't want to face: I'd felt that from the beginning. And now he was uneasy, restless, moving about the corridors of the train like a man who was haunted.

He didn't come into the carriage till dusk was settling over the plains and the other men had gone; then he looked round him with a queer suspicion in his eyes.

"They've been talking about me," he said.

"A little," I admitted.

He was silent awhile, and then looked at me with his penetrating, blue eyes.

"Did they tell you young Lew and I had a row that last morning at the soak?"

"No," I said quickly. "Nothing of the kind."

"Well, it's true," he said. "About the only thing that matters. . . . We had a quarrel, and there was only one horse between us. The chance of life for one! I rode off and left him to the little black ants."

There was the bitterness of a terrible self-accusation in his voice, for it seemed as if he were talking to himself rather than to me.

And there was something morbid about it, I felt, for all the men agreed that he had done what seemed best at the moment.

He wasn't to blame for being in such a desperate condition when they found him that he couldn't direct them to the boy.

It was a long while before I could get his side of the story, for he spoke as if it were a thing that was flowing round him, something everybody knew.

There'd been a girl, I found, that he was going to marry, and he'd introduced young Lew to her the last time they were together in town.

A WONDERFUL woman, he hinted. One of the sort who'd be ready to follow a man anywhere, tackling any kind of hardship or privation.

But he wouldn't marry her till he'd made some kind of a strike. He didn't believe in letting a woman rough it out there in the dry country, far from her own people or her own sex.

He was fingering a photograph he'd taken from his wallet—the photograph of a girl with dark, dancing eyes and an eager appetite for life.

"God knows how her name came up that last morning," he said. "I'd suspected young Lew was writing to her under cover of the storekeeper, but I could have got over that.

"Nothing could have come between us if I'd been in my right mind—nothing. . . . But there are times when every man goes blind and lets the devil take charge of his tongue.

"It must have been working round for my turn then. And when young Lew suggested that he should take the horse and go off to look for water, something burst in my brain.

"Things welled up in me that I didn't know I was thinking—dirt and slag. I accused young Lew of robbing me of Alixe, and now planning to sneak off to her and leave me to my fate.

"I said things that I knew would hurt him, cut him to the bone. . . . And he sat there quiet, young Lew, hardly saying a word, but looking as if the end of the world had come. . . .

"Of course, he persuaded me to take the horse in the end—I let him persuade me. When I looked back from a couple of hundred yards away, he was sitting there by the soak, trying to mend the springs of a broken watch."

He climbed into his bunk and lay staring at the roof, a man haunted, and the train rolled on into the night. I was haunted, too.

"I met the Captain in West Queensland"—Vance Palmer's "The Passage" is an Australian prize novel

There was the girl with dark, dancing eyes, who seemed to be crying out for happiness and love; there were the two men stranded in the dry country, knowing it was unlikely that more than one of them would get out alive.

THEY had loved one another like brothers, sharing every kind of risk and hardship, yet a woman had come between them in the end.

It was easy to imagine how the memory of that last tragic morning bit into the living man's brain like the fangs of a snake. Was it possible to get over things like that?

"Young Lew had the light end of the log, after all," said the Captain when I had thought him asleep. "I've got to see her and tell her the truth. . . . The truth, the whole truth, and no crayfishing, so help me God. . . .

"Denman Street. Second house on the right. Curved gravel-path from the gate."

He was gone from the bunk above when I woke in the morning. The train passed through the town where the girl lived just before daylight, and the conductor had promised to wake him early.

I continued my journey to the coast, but his big figure was in my mind all through the days that followed—the springy step, the sensitive features, the haunted eyes.

It was nearly a month before I heard of him again. He'd been killed by a motor-truck near the station three days after he'd left me.

"No, it wasn't drink," said the friend who'd told me. "They all agree about that. He was just walking along in a kind of dream, and stepped in front of the thing. Almost deliberately, it seemed.

"A great man, the Captain, but a bit queer in the head! He never got over the death of young Lew, and that ordeal he went through in the dry country."

I ASKED about the girl.

"There was a girl," I said. "They were both fond of her."

He gave a contemptuous shrug.

"Oh, she's not worth troubling about. One of the sort men are born to make fools of themselves over! A good thing, perhaps, they didn't know the truth."

I found out she'd already married a flash bungalow on the coast, a motor-launch, and a fortune made in sugar—not to mention a little, pot-bellied, dago, with boot-button eyes.

CROSS-WORD FACTS

DO you know that JOHN BULL's Eighty-second Cross-Word First Prize of £600 has just been won outright by Mr. C. P. Brown, of 147, Park Grove, Barnsley, with an all-correct coupon;

That the amount already paid out in "Cross-Word" prizes is £44,950 cash;

That 116 women have won substantial "Cross-Word" prizes in 1930 alone, of whom three won the First Prize outright;

That, in addition to the First Prize of £600, the sum of £50 is distributed each week among runners-up—a feature unique in "Cross-Words" to-day;

That prizes for runners-up are only made possible by our "No claims" system of adjudication;

That this system also leads to the quickest possible results, and makes the contest the easiest of all to enter;

That JOHN BULL's "Cross-words" can be solved by anybody, for only words in named dictionaries are used;

That what Mr. Brown, of Barnsley, has done this week, you can do in the contest on page 36.

MARION DAVIES

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Readers who wish to look young should try this recipe used by Mrs. Gailhaudin.

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LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

Human Documents

WILL Bombshell in an Old Bureau

NOT long ago, the father of a well-known family in this district died rather suddenly. He was a widower with two sons and one invalid daughter, for whom he left certain money in trust.

The sons, with the daughter's consent, decided to sell up the home and share the proceeds.

Hearing of their intention, I approached them in regard to an old-fashioned oak bureau which I had always admired.

They were quite willing to make a private deal, so I bought and took away the piece, which they obviously considered almost worthless.

But when I sat to work to clean and renovate it I got a wonderful surprise. Among a cram of old newspapers I found a small roll of other papers.

Two of these proved to be a marriage and a birth certificate, and the rest were banknotes to the value of £70.

The certificates related to the marriage of the dead man thirty years before and the birth of a son—older than either of those now sharing the property.

A week later the sons turned up at my house, drunk and quarrelsome, and demanded to examine the bureau. They shouted that a large sum of money was missing, and that it might have slipped behind one of the drawers.

I gave them permission to examine the bureau, but of course they found nothing, and I said nothing.

At the moment I don't intend to. I wish to dispose of this windfall in the way that will do the most good.

If I keep it, I can pay off all owing on a suite of furniture bought on the hire-purchase plan, and in addition realise my ambition to send my son to a secondary school.

If I hand over the £70 to the sons it will go the same way that everybody expects the old man's other property to go. They are notorious for their loose habits, and every penny they get hold of is spent on wine and women.

Further, if I give up this money I should certainly return the papers, and these will disclose the fact of an earlier marriage and elder son, who may possibly be alive, to take all the property and leave the second family with nothing.

This would not much matter as regards the two scapegoats, but what of the invalid daughter, whose welfare depends upon it?

The more I think the more confused is my mind as to which is my right course of action.

"HUMANIST" says:—What your neighbours do with their inheritance is none of your business, as you will be disagreeably informed if you get into the clutches of the law.

Return the documents and money before you are prosecuted for theft.

SLAYERS CURSED

by frenzied daughter

FOR nearly a hundred years continued ill-fortune of the most dreadful sort has dogged my family.

Ninety-five years ago my great-grandfather was accused of murder. He was arrested and went through a long trial. The case, in the end, broke down, and my relative was acquitted.

But this did not satisfy the daughter of the murdered man. She most horribly "cursed the slayers of her father," and swore that she would curse them daily as long as she had breath.

This she did, and though she emigrated to Australia, she kept her vow, our family receiving the curses of his dying breath.

I don't know whether my great-grandfather really was a murderer or innocent, but it is certain that his descendants never had good luck.

One son was killed in an accident and the shock ended his mother's life. Another son succumbed to dreadful stabs administered by a drunken foreign sailor.

Of the younger generation, one girl went completely deaf, a second died a moral unfortunate. Another boy, married, lost wife and three children, all stricken with mortal illness within a few weeks.

The curse now rests upon me and mine. I have lost an eye. My eldest daughter met with a motor accident that has left her a cripple for life.

Another lost her husband by suicide and my youngest brother has been some time in an asylum, slowly dying from general paralysis.

We are wondering, now that the vindictive woman is dead, why the curse should not also fade out and die.

"HUMANIST" says: Nonsense—come back out of the Middle Ages. Curses can have no ill-effect except on the unhappy person uttering them.

Accidents, illness and death being the common lot, the way to prevent them arising unnecessarily is to face life cheerfully, work hard, and live sanely and hopefully.

FORECASTS for FOOTBALL "FANS"

Matches played on October 11 reviewed by OUR EXPERT

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Manchester City v. Portsmouth.
(2) BIRMINGHAM v. Blackpool.
(3) BOLTON v. Grimsby.
(4) Derby v. Arsenal.
(5) HUDDERSFIELD v. Chelsea.
*(6) LEICESTER v. Leeds.
(7) Liverpool v. Wednesday.
(8) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Newcastle.
(9) SHEFFIELD U. v. Blackburn.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. Aston Villa.
**(11) WEST HAM v. Manchester U.
(3) CREWE v. York.
*(4) DONCASTER v. Nelson.
(5) GATESHEAD v. Darlington.
(6) Hull v. Wigan.
**(7) LINCOLN v. Hartlepools.
(8) New Brighton v. TRANMERE.
(9) ROCHDALE v. Rotherham.
(10) SOUTHPORT v. Barrow.
*(11) WREXHAM v. Carlisle.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Reading v. Bradford.
(2) Barnsley v. EVERTON.
(3) BRADFORD C. v. Plymouth.
(4) BRISTOL C. v. Cardiff.
**(5) BURNLEY v. Millwall.
(6) CHARLTON v. Bury.
(7) PORT VALE v. Swansea.
(8) PRESTON v. Oldham.
(9) SOUTHAMPTON v. Stoke.
*(10) HOTSPUR v. Notts Forest.
(11) W. B. ALBION v. Wolves.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

*(1) WATFORD v. Thames.
**(2) NOTTS COUNTY v. Orient.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Norwich.
(4) BRIGHTON v. Crystal Palace.
(5) Coventry v. Northampton.
(6) EXETER v. Southend.
(7) FULHAM v. Walsall.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Luton.
(9) NEWPORT v. Bristol R.
(10) SWINDON v. Q. P. Rangers.
(11) Torquay v. Brentford.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

**(1) STOCKPORT v. Halifax.
(2) Accrington v. Chesterfield.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HAMILTON v. Cowdenbeath.
(2) Aberdeen v. ST. MIRREN.
(3) East Fife v. Leith.
(4) FALKIRK v. Hearts.
(5) HIBERNIANS v. Airdrie.
(6) Kilmarnock v. DUNDEE.
(7) Morton v. MOTHERWELL.
(8) Queen's Park v. Partick.

WINNERS IN CODE

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Saturday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—5(*H*); Southern Section—2(*H*); Northern Section—1(*H*), 7(*H*); Scottish League—7(*A*). This would indicate West Ham, Burnley, Notts County, Stockport, Lincoln and Motherwell.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot solve alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with your case by return of the post. Send a stamped addressed envelope. For the three most interesting documents published the [illegible] pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s.

PEEPING TOM'S

contemptible theft

A YOUNG woman of twenty, engaged to be married, I am in domestic service as a lady's maid in a place three miles from my home. My mistress allows my boy to visit me each week.

On the last of these visits I showed him a lovely blue umbrella which had been given me by an aged cousin of my mistress staying in the house, and I carried it with me when we went for our usual walk.

The stroll, as usual, was along a shady road, nicknamed "Lovers' Lane," and we found a secluded nook where we could sit and talk.

When we got up, my umbrella, which I had laid beside me, was nowhere to be seen. We looked everywhere, but it had utterly vanished.

The following Sunday was my day for going home, and before tea mother produced my own umbrella, telling me that it was another of father's wonderful bargains that he had "picked up cheap" from the second-hand stall in the market.

These "bargains" of father's have been the subject of queer looks and remarks among the neighbours for some time, though mother has never suspected wrong.

But I was suddenly in possession of the whole dreadful truth.

My father spends his evenings spying on young lovers, stealing anything he can lay his hands upon whilst they are engrossed with each other.

The property he brings home are not second-hand bargains, but first-hand thefts.

I managed to keep my knowledge of the umbrella to myself, but I have had sleepless nights since. Is it my duty to tell my mother?

"HUMANIST" says: Tell your father quietly that you recognise the umbrella as one stolen from yourself, leaving him to draw his own conclusions.

Unless he takes the hint he is bound eventually to land in the arms of the police.

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soared still higher since our announcement that every owner of an Aladdin Lamp is entitled to a cheaper Fire Insurance Premium! From town and country throughout Great Britain the call for the Aladdin Wonder Lamp increases daily. All previous records have been broken. The Aladdin, for years renowned throughout the world for its remarkable high-power non-pressure light and magnificent construction, has now become a further benefactor to the public because of this additional advantage of reduced fire insurance.

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GAMES *on Sunday?*

FOR: Blow for Freedom . . . A Nobler Youth . . . Throw off that Sackcloth

AGAINST: Shattering the Sanctity . . . Good-bye, "Mother's Boy" . . . Hard on the "Pro"

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 14

A Nuisance I'd Abolish

THE opportunity to play games on Sunday would mean to me that at least we were actually getting some of that freedom we hear so much about.

People who did not wish to play need not do so, and could continue their Sunday as before. Others who wished to play could do so.

The position would then be that one section of the community was not dominating the remainder.—*I. J. M., Redcar.*

Equality

If I were allowed to play Sunday games I should think there was something in this "all men are equal" business.

Since my cradle days it has been instilled into me that it is right for the rich man to play on Sundays, but wrong for the poor man to do the same.

I should be able to make myself a fit man on the one day that I have opportunity. I should, in fact, be able to lead a Rolls-Royce life on a Ford income.—*Walter James, London.*

No Fun

As a child, Sunday was, to me, a day of gloom, a day to be dreaded.

Many and lengthy doses of church, alternating with religious reading, no games, no fun, and no real happiness.

Sunday should be a day to be looked forward to through the week.

I revel in a game of golf or tennis on a Sunday, and I should dearly love to see all games played on that day.—*T. W., Essex.*

Churches' Chance

Instead of idle hours of boredom, I should find outlet for youthful energy.

I should welcome the Church that would co-operate by throwing open its clubrooms and extending its sports activities to Sunday, without lowering the sanctity of worship or the day.

The opportunity lies with the Churches to bring in the youth and keep them. Why should the two clash?

With Sunday games, parents would at least know where to find their sons and daughters.—*Idle Youth, Fishponds.*

Misery Corner

With a husband and two sons employed until 7 p.m. on Saturdays, Sunday games would transform my home from an abode of depression and ennui into a place of happy contentment.

I should feel easier if my boys could openly enjoy healthy sports instead of being forced to seek the vicious amusements of the streets, and far happier to see a smile on their father's face instead of an expression of sheer misery.

I object to honest working-folks being expected to don sackcloth on Sundays simply because they cannot afford a motor-car.—*M. E. H., N. Wales.*

Energy Will Out

Living in a street that leads to a park, I am annoyed, every Sunday afternoon and evening, by gangs of disorderly youths on their way to the park shouting and howling songs in chorus.

Yet, are they to blame? It is the only way they can work off the superfluous energy of youth.

All round the town there are splendid recreation-grounds, but "No Sunday Games."

If these were allowed, it would take these youths off the streets. Then the older people, myself included, who are past games, could enjoy a well-earned rest on the Sabbath.—*C. W., Preston.*

Sunday games would mean substituting a seven-day religion for a seventh-day hypocrisy.—*Wm. Henderson, Belfast.*

The devil finds work for idle hands to do. He wouldn't be so busy if Sunday games came into vogue.—*J. Daly, Dowlais.*

Sunday games would provide me with an opportunity of shaking my limbs once weekly, instead of shaking a medicine bottle twice daily.—*J. P. McK., Wishaw.*

Let the Churches advocate that there is room for both sport and worship on Sunday, and eventually body and soul will show direct results.—*E. Johns, London, S.W.*

SUNDAY golf; then football, followed by boxing exhibitions. In a very short time, I suppose, it will be horse-racing.

Before any person indulges in games on Sunday it would be well to ask how much time has been wasted through the week which could have been employed in recreation of some sort.

If this were done many people would be shocked at the discovery of the hours they allow to pass as time wasted.—*D. T., Mon.*

Off Side

As a minister of religion, to me Sunday games spell sacrilege.

Out of the week one day can now be reserved for peace and quiet, but the shouts of the spectators and the shrill whistle of the referee would shatter the sanctity of the Sabbath.

The Sunday-school, the nursery of my church, will be paralysed, and the youth will consider the church as just a place for old fogeys.

Eventually the pews, too, will be empty.—*H. T., Pembroke.*

Good-bye

As a wife and mother of sport-lovers I dread the thought of Sunday games.

At present, Sunday is the one day in the week when we are a united family, all sitting down together to enjoy our Sunday dinner.

Then after tea, either church and a walk, or a quiet evening with some music and friends—in fact, mother's day.

If a football or cricket match was on, it would be "Good-bye to all that."—*Mater, Cardiff.*

Enough

As a professional footballer, for five days of the week I am kept hard at it, exercising, practising, and generally getting fit in preparation for Saturday's great event—our League match.

This calls for every ounce of strength and stamina a man possesses. Consequently I am quite tired out on Sunday and glad to claim it as a day of rest.

Sunday games would probably mean more work for me, and I've quite enough as it is.—*J. F. M., Ayrshire.*

Last Straw

Sunday games would be the last straw to break our family's back.

Mine, office, shop, school take the members of my family from me six days of the week, so that I scarcely ever meet them all together.

Sunday is the one day on which I can feel myself one of a family. If Sunday games became "the thing," this would be lost.

Britain's real greatness is her home life. We should not let it be undermined.—*Filius, Glamorgan.*

Son-Day

I am a lonely woman at the best of times, and the only day on which I have my son to myself is Sunday.

He is an athlete, fond of all sports, and never misses an opportunity to indulge in his favourite ones.

Should Sunday games become general—although I would not have the heart to ask him to stay with me—I should miss his companionship and become very lonely indeed.

I am just a mother, and so have come to love my Sunday.—*Mother, Bolton.*

I try to play the game of life six days a week. The one day's rest just makes me fit, and that is game enough for me.—*John Hulme, Bolton.*

The Sunday game should be a home fixture, played with the wife and kiddies.—*Plebeian, Bolton.*

Surely we can obtain sufficient hours of sport and recreation during the now lengthened days of summer.—*Tram Conductor, Hull.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Story Teller . . .

Captain Gooch . . . "best for long-distance events"

THERE will not be another opportunity of referring to the Cesarewitch except through the Code.

I regret this, as there is another acceptance almost due at the moment of writing, and I am not satisfied with my early selections.

Coaster and Richborough have disappointed recently, and Lemon Car does not appear to be doing much work on the training-ground.

The Newbury Autumn Cup, the best of all the trials for Newmarket's big prize, pointed to Show Girl and West Wicklow, but I intend to pass them over in favour of Story Teller, and have several good reasons for so doing.

Story Teller has not been subjected to a Cesarewitch. Horses have won for a second or third time of asking, but the gruelling test usually leaves its mark. By Golden Myth, a Gold Cup winner, Story Teller is bred to stay.

Thirdly, he is in charge of Captain Gooch, the best trainer in the country for long-distance events.

Story Teller has won his last three races, carrying 8 st. 11 lb., 8 st. 10 lb. and 8 st. 11 lb., and on each occasion has pulled up fresh. With 7 st. up he is nicely in; and I suggest Captain Gooch's charge each-way.

The Code selections have had mixed luck lately, but they are still well on top. Zambelli (8 to 1) and Summer Princess (2 to 1)—26 to 1 the "Double"—came up for us at Newbury.

At Kempton Park this week-end I suggest Land o' Burns and Alexander the Great. I intend to leave the Duke of York Handicap to the Code.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 9, to Wednesday, October 15.

E	2	K	S	A	W	3	L	Z	U	5	D	Y	V	N
M	T	F	9	I	B	C	Q	H	G	R	P	X	J	O

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. WIX2NBO would read BAYTOWN.

"SILVER RING."

WELL I'LL BE..!

..can't keep a decent stick of shaving soap five minutes in this house!

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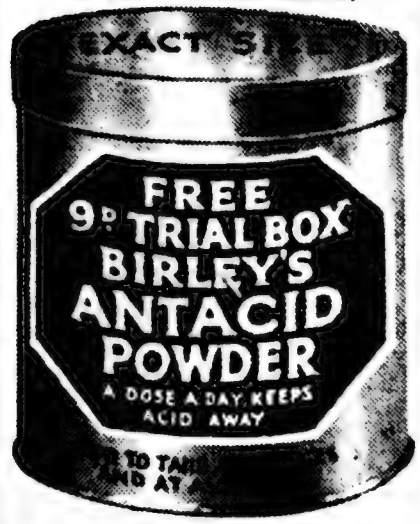

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CAN you beat this? "John Bull" is again offering £600 cash prize for a Must-Be-Won X-Word—and £50 is offered for runners-up.

Enter for this splendid Competition now—you may win the big prize.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in **BLOCK CAPITALS.** Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 85), 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comps.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **October 16th.**

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / —and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, October 30th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, November 4th,** after which date the prize money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of 5s. which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to **The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), October 16th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 85

Entry Form "A."

JB 85. *Do not separate these forms.*

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

JB 85.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), October 16th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

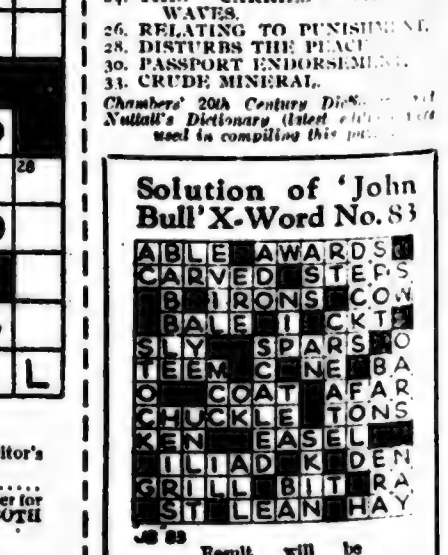
1. MOUSE-LIKE BIRD.
4. THESE ARE WORN ON THE HEAD.
8. MAKE OLIVE OIL.
11. MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.
13. GOVERN.
14. RELATION OF ONE THING TO ANOTHER.
15. IMPLEMENT.
16. ROW.
17. MAN NOT WANTED IN WORKSHOP.
18. OFTEN BROKEN BY SCHOOLBOY.
19. PERUSE.
22. IRON LINKS ARE IN FOUNDRY.
25. SERPENT.
27. WATCH WHICH STRIKES HOURS.
29. EQUAL.
31. WORN ON THE FOOT.
32. A PICK-ME-UP.
34. YOU MAY TAKE TO A PONY.
35. AGES.
36. GO BACKWARDS.
37. B.B.C. OFTEN DO THIS TO THEIR EFFORTS.
38. BRIGHT COLOUR.

Clues Down.

1. OFTEN CARRIES YOUR BELONGINGS.
2. ANGRY SPEECH.
3. KNOCKED TO THE GROUND.
5. JEWELLED HEAD-DRESS.
6. THE DEVIL.
7. ESSENTIAL TO LARGE HOTEL.
9. RUDE.
10. A PROPHET.
12. ONE OVER EIGHT.
15. YOU'LL FIND ABUNDANT TRADE IN FOREIGN PORTS.
20. SOAK UP LIQUID.
21. WORN ON THE LEG.
22. LOW, MARSHY LAND.
23. TROOPS WERE IN THE GREAT WAR.
24. THIS CARRIES WIRELESS WAVES.
26. RELATING TO PUNISHMENT.
28. DISTURBS THE PEACE.
30. PASSPORT ENDORSEMENTS.
33. CRUDE MINERAL.

Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 83



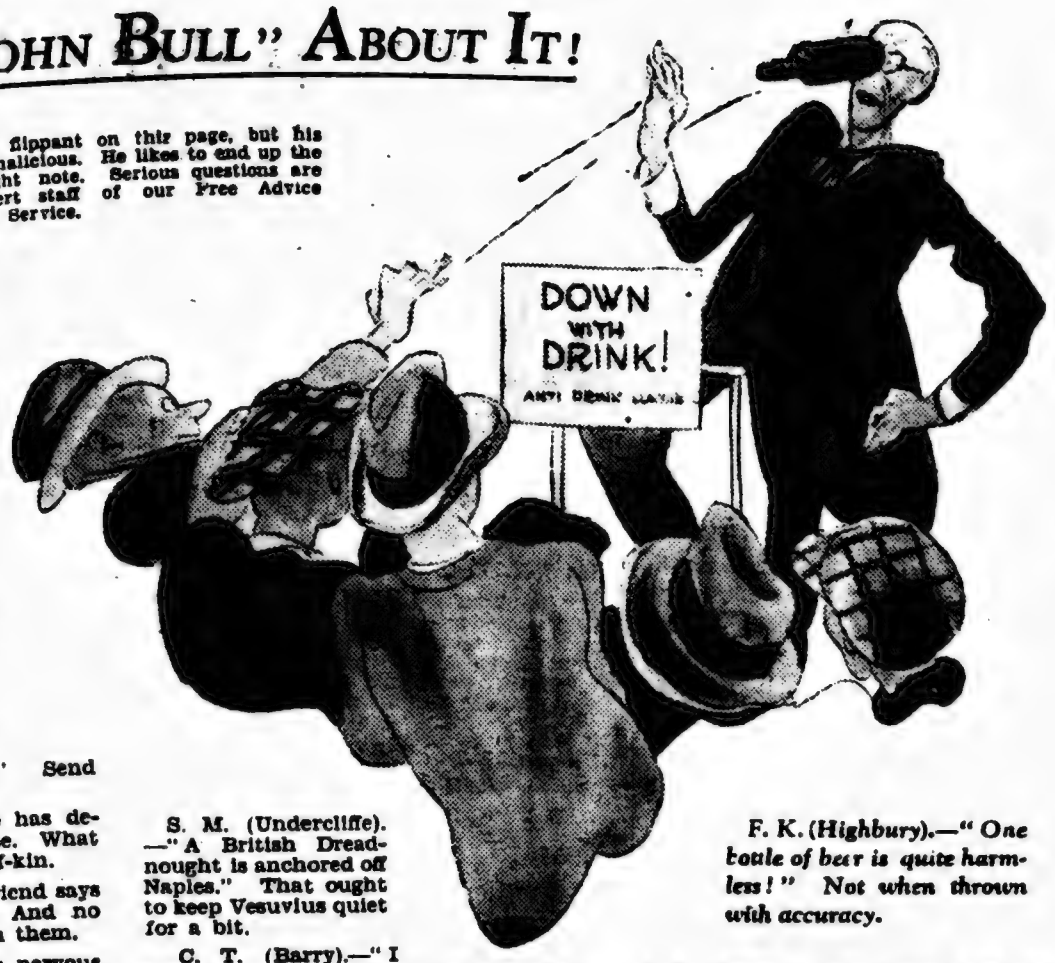
JB 83

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 83 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.



P. (Lewes).—"My den- is a strong, silent man." he no gags at all?

M. (Ripon).—"Are you the opinion that the wants elevating?" it has its own wings and

Tom D. (Falkirk).—"We bbic speakers have to put with a lot. Still, the hundred beers are the

Mac (Dundee).—"The nd of the pipes always s me with reckless rage." This enables you go on listening, we sup-

Miss I. T. (Dover).—"How I get a one-piece cos- e made into a two-piece?" Send o the laundry

GLADYS (Bath).—"My fiancé has de- ed to be a football referee. What I do?" Inform his next-of-kin.

H. (Bude).—"My soldier friend says letters arrive opened." And no bt you write, "Private" on them.

F. (Clacton).—"I am too nervous be a motorist." And yet brave ugh to be a pedestrian.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Acton).—"Blue-eyed sbands are the ones who let their es have their own way." Black-eyed sbands are the ones who try to argue.

C. (Putney).—"When I told the ter I had only a shilling, what do think he recommended?" Another staurant?

N. (Surbiton).—"He was fined for ying a ukulele to the annoyance of neighbours." Is there any other of playing the thing?

A J. (Torquay).—"It is rumoured re are quicksands at Daytona." ere certainly has been a lot of speed- here.

B. C. (Cambridge).—"An airman sted that he was a nobleman, but I scovered he was a fraud." His castles re in the air, too.

G. F. (Grendon).—"The fishmonger d me an oyster which, he said, would ake a pe. And did you swallow t?

Mrs D. S. (Bath).—"At a fancy dress l I gave recently one of my guests peared as a fish." Some people, of rse, will do anything to be in the m.

Mrs B. (Toronto).—"In Canada a ress o treats her servant like a ghter. In this country, a servant treats her mistress like one of the ily.

R. T. MacP. (Glasgow).—"Miniature golf courses will prove very popular all er Scotland." Of course, if you lose r ball you can always pick up the rse and shake it.

S. M. (Undercliffe).—"A British Dreadnought is anchored off Naples." That ought to keep Vesuvius quiet for a bit.

C. T. (Barry).—"I refuse to live with my wife owing to her snoring." A sound reason.

S. N. (Stoke).—"There is no rest for the wicked." And sometimes no arrest.

B. D. (Nantwich).—"My mind was a complete blank." Why use the past tense?

A. N. (Regent's Park).—"The lemurs have moved into the old sloths' house." What do they want in the House of Lords?

HISTORIAN (Rickmansworth).—"Alarm clocks are 2,000 years old." Hence the early Egyptians.

L. G. (Ponders End).—"A millionaire has altered his will twenty times." A fresh-heir fiend.

EUGENIST (Oxford).—"Who is the bitterest opponent of sun-bathing in England?" King Sol.

S. T. (Bow).—"It's unfair that the woman always pays." Why; she usually does it with her husband's money.

STUDENT (Hornsey).—"I have nothing to say against Eton and Harrow." They will be pleased.

MRS. M. (Torquay).—"I don't always agree with JOHN BULL." Well, in that case we must rely on the other 1,499,999.

C. O. (Pennycuick).—"Some bandsmen were summoned for creating a disturbance." They must have been badly conducted.

D. B. (Manchester).—"Burglars broke into my shop and stole a complete stock of plus-fours." More male bag robberies.

BOTANIST (Rockferry).—"Some vegetables have highly sensitive nerve centres." Which explains why they often get into a stew.

F. K. (Highbury).—"One bottle of beer is quite harmless!" Not when thrown with accuracy.

F. K. (Sussex).—"My livvur gives me trouble." So we see!

L. M. (Olney).—"'Safety first' is my motto." You are a bachelor still then?

R. T. (Crouch End).—"A poster says, 'Englishwomen are too cold.'" Now our wives will agitate for a new set of furs.

FATHER (Sheffield).—"My children are absolute dunces." Judging by your letter, they are following in their father's footsteps.

C. V. (London, N.).—"Can you tell me where I can get clean, quiet apartments, where regular hours are kept?" How about Holloway or Pentonville?

T. F. (Sutton).—"We can't make bricks without straw." Some modern houses seem to be built of straw without bricks.

MUSICIAN (Hull).—"How is it that fat men generally play the flute?" Perhaps they wouldn't be able to reach the big drum.

DOCTOR (Edinburgh).—"I intend this winter to make an extensive study of the human back." We are also regular onlookers at football matches.

D. D. (Kilmarnock).—"Convicts in certain prisons are to be taught folk-dancing." That ought to make a lot of them promise to be good.

W. W. (Sandhurst).—"What course should I take preparatory to joining an Arctic expedition?" The full course of our English summer.

J. M'D. (Thurso).—"Though they are now dying out as a form of dress, kilts still have their supporters." It would be rather embarrassing if they hadn't.

W. S. (Hawick).—"I read so much that I often spend the whole night in my library." Those folding-beds are very comfortable.

M. N. (Hackney).—"Good taste is better than bad taste, but bad taste is better than no taste." Anybody who has used shaving cream in mistake for toothpaste will not agree.

G. M. C. (Worthing).—"What will happen when we're all living on a pension?" There'll be nobody to envy the three *Bullets* Pensioners we're asking for on page 39.

THOS. D. (Cardiff).—"If we allow our wives to chatter they won't want more money." Can we hope that if we allow our wives more money they won't want to chatter?

STATISTICIAN (London, W.).—"The entire population of Britain could be comfortably placed in our smallest county." That's a much better plan than the present one of squeezing them into our tube-train compartment.

JAMES B. (Dalkeith).—"A Canadian doctor states that a Montreal woman recently spoke over 40,000 words a day for twenty-five days." But that's what every married woman does when her husband drops cigarette ash on the drawing-room carpet.

H. E. (Bradford).—"If you were me ——" That's where we draw the line.

JANE (Aylesbury).—"My lover gave me a string of pearls." Those sixpenny stores have a lot to answer for.

P. L. (Halstead).—"Never have I told a lie." Why don't you tell us plainly you are dumb?

H. C. (Bradford).—"They married after fifty years' courtship." He was too feeble to hold out any longer.

L. B. (Nottingham).—"A woman sacrifices her looks when she cooks the meals." Perhaps this explains her burnt offerings.

F. K. (Chelsea).—"Inventors do not receive any real encouragement in this country." The trouble is that most wives know all the excuses now.

J. J. (Wellington).—"I remember having a fishbone in my throat at the age of three." That *would* stick in the memory.

G. H. (March).—"Last week I turned over your pages with pleasure." That's nothing to the pleasure you will get this week if you read them.

G. K. (Brighton).—"The police here are to carry wireless sets in their helmets." As it is, lots of people are walking about with the "Stein Song" on the brain.

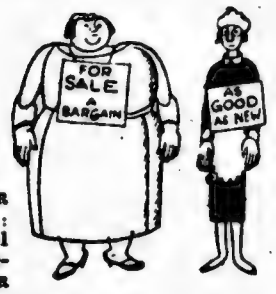
L. M. (Harrow).—"Anglers get used to disappointments." But it must be particularly annoying for an angler to find that the cork has come out of his lunch.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

The Editor REPLIES

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are invited. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."



HADDINGTONSHIRE COURIER: — "Witness SPOKE TO the GOLF BALLS, CIGARETTES, GLOVES, and PURSE and MONEY that he found to be MISSING."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Plaintiff's car was going too fast over the KERB."

EVENING TELEGRAPH: — "For ten minutes they PLAYED under the bonnet with one of the POLICEMEN."

LEIGHTON BUZZARD OBSERVER:—"10 Rhode Island Reds . . . laid 50 to 60 eggs weekly. You CAN DO EQUALLY WELL."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"In the evening the children were given a picture-show treat."

SOUTH WALES VOICE:—"At the local meeting —— was appointed PROHIBITION AGENT."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Cook-general and Nurse-housemaid, FOR SALE."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"—— also pleaded guilty to stealing a motor-cycle SHOP."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH (Advt.):—"LADIES' STOCKINGS—newest shades; value 1s. 11d. A YARD."

SPORTS MAIL:—"The best thing to do is to borrow some WORDS until you find a PAIR that is suitable to your hand and sufficiently heavy."

BOYS' MAGAZINE:—"The Rebels' SMILE could be HEARD."

SPORTS GAZETTE:—"Addison received a bronze MEAL."

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

all razor blades are alike - - -

SMOOTHLY SPEAKING

you cannot find any to equal -

MYATT DAYMARK BLADES

3D. EACH

1/3 FOR FIVE

Sole Manufacturers
W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD.,
BIRMINGHAM.

For this style of razor

John Bull—the ONLY paper to pay FIRE, STORM and FLOOD Benefits.

Fire! Storm! Flood! Be on your guard this winter against the fury of these elements! If a stray spark should set your home ablaze—if your home should lie in the path of the Storm-Fiend—see to it that you could look to "John Bull" for a cheque to replace your household belongings. Register now for our Great Free Insurance Gift on the forms below.

Against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT let "John Bull" cover you free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 11/10/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 11/10/30.

WHO WANTS £5 Every Saturday?

Mr. S. H. Garner

"EVERYONE has had dreams of sudden wealth," says the first *Bullets* Pensioner, Mr. S. H. Garner, 81, Sydenham Place, Otley Road, Bradford. "I realise what it means when dreams come true."

Mr. Garner has been receiving his *Bullets* Pension every Saturday for the past eighteen months, and will continue to draw his weekly cheque every Saturday of his life.

"The freedom from worry and that wonderful feeling of security make life worth living"—those are Mr. Garner's very words. Don't they set you longing to join him as a *Bullets* Pensioner?

In all the eighteen years of *Bullets*, we have awarded only two Life Pensions as prizes. Yet in the record contest now before you JOHN BULL will soon be awarding *three* incomes for life, the biggest of which will be £5 weekly.

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How can you leave such prizes as these to be won by others with no greater ability than yourself? Though you have never entered for *Bullets* in your life, be sure you start this week.

On the opposite page you will find full instructions for winning a *Bullets* Pension. Settle down this evening for a quiet half-hour with *Bullets*, enter by Saturday, October 25, and on Friday, November 7, one of the three Pension winners' telegrams may come to you.

£2,375 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £2,000, COMPETITION No. 774:

Mr. E. S. Davis, 13, Severn Road, Shirehampton, Bristol.

Example:—FERTILE IMAGINATION

"Bullet":—THAT WAY "LIES PROGRESS"

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. W. Lusher, 39, Palmerston Street, South Shields.

Example:—Moving Mountains
Bullet.—Youth Prefers Moving Stairways.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. Cooney, 84, St. Paul's Road, Wallasey.

Example:—In India
Bullet:—"On Edge"—Avoid "Slip."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. E. BROOKER, Clifton Villa, Level Street, Brierley Hill
In India—Our Stay, Their "Stay."

D. J. DEVLIN, Beechwood Lodge, Leeds Road, Lightcliffe, Nr. Halifax.
Scientific Warfare—Forget *That*, Professor!

H. J. HALL, 61, Stafford Street, Hanley.
Chariot Of Progress—Drive Slowly Through—India!

F. HEATH, 453, Jockey Road, Sutton Coldfield.
Chariot Of Progress—Master And Man, "Two-seater."

W. T. HEPWORTH, 7, Ashfield Road, Newcastle.
In India—Our Sun's Setting? Moonshine!

Mrs. PEACH, View Cottages, Enderby.
Chariot Of Progress—Carrying Coals Past Middlemen.

Mrs. E. PRIDDLE, 12, Hyde Park Corner, Cambridge.
Test Of Skill—Marriage "Lottery" Develops Into.

J. G. PRIEST, 118, Highbury New Park, London, N.
Fertile Imagination—Led To Futile Emigration.

T. WADDINGTON, 21, Mirfield Street, Liverpool.
She's Wonderful, But—Seeking "Cups"—Overlooking "Dishes."

C. E. WELLS, 153, Croydon Road, Anerley, London, S.E.
Moving Mountains—Lifting Eiderdown, Monday Mornings.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. W. ADAMSON, 4, East View, Burnopfield.
Breaking Down—"Drives" One To Doctor.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. CHARLESWORTH, 1-1, London Street, Leek.
Talkie Star—That's All I "Understood."

W. G. COOK, 154, Akerman Road, Brixton, London, S.W.
Breaking Down—Formerly, Woman—Now, Barriers.

H. CURRIE, 44, St. John Street, Coatbridge.
Sporting Spirit—"Shoot, Johnnie! Well Saved!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss L. HOLDEN, 29, Bryan Road, Blackpool.
Spoilt—Village Fête—Rocket Damp!

P. MIGHTOM, 85, Murray Street, York.
What It's Coming To—"Carry Your Golf-links, Sir?"

A. SAGE, 48, Plempton Road, Leyton, E.
In Life—"Move Along" And "Please"

F. THORNTON, 9, Southern Road, Southport.
Chariot Of Progress—Left "Unattended"—Summons Politicians!

H. S. WALSH, Toddington, Beds.
With An Effort—Bridegroom Smiled Bride Cried.

P. WOODHAM, 20, Queen's Road, West Croydon.
Taming The Tiger—When Not Sweeping Circus!

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 25 £1, 1,000 Bulleteer's Treasure Book, and 1,000 2/6 winners in No. 774 can be seen at these offices.

Help Yourself to Prizes!

EVERY week brings fresh tributes from big winners to our free weekly guide to the prize-list, *Bullets Bulletin*. Not long ago Mr. P. Taylor, 81, Sarehole Road, Birmingham, won 2,500 Guineas with its aid—and it may help you to become a *Bullets* Pensioner this week.

Its columns are packed with practical advice, news and encouragement for would-be winners, yet it is yours for the mere cost of postage. Regular readers are offered a free *Bullets* Pen, ideal for coupons.

You can obtain a post free specimen copy by sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Your better plan, however, is to send P.O. value 6d. (Crossed "& Co.," payable to JOHN BULL) to cover cost of postage on *Bullets Bulletin* for the next twelve issues available.

Address: Bulletin Dept., Odhams Press, Ltd., 19, Shorts Gardens, W.C.2.

"Examples" for "Bullets" No. 778.

(Not to be used for current contest.)

Fighting Adversity—Question For Ramsay—Hitting The Consumer—Shabby Treatment—A Love Thief—Tragic Result—Nobody Would Notice If—Declining—Feeding the Children—Money In Pocket—Taking—Painful Duty—The Chances Are—Financially Embarrassed—Thirsting For Reform—Almost Impossible—Why He's Busy—A Death Blow—Prizes Of Life—Feeling Sore—When We Lose—It's Very Funny, But—Whatever She Says—Unfit—Striking Change—Better Than Nothing—Fair Play's A Jewel—Start To-day—And All He Own—Forgetting The Rules—Man Who's Just—Is Living Cheaper?

(Closing Saturday, November 1.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil Free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

'NOTHING CAN BEAT IT.'

. . . I am lost without my JOHN BULL Pen in spite of having tried many others since the nib was broken. None can beat my old JOHN BULL pen.—Miss M. ROBSON, 19, West View, Templetown, Consett, Co. Durham

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THREE 'BULLETS' PENSIONERS WANTED!

YOU CAN WIN

for 2, 3 or 4 words

a "Bullets" Life Pension this week! John Th. and Mr. Garner, 81, Sydenham Place, Otley Road, Bradford and Mr. T. Armer, 248, Mill Street, Liverpool, who are already enjoying a perpetual income from "John Bull."

4th Prize	5th Prize
£50	£25
10 PRIZES of £5	10 PRIZES of £2 10
50 PRIZES of £1	100 PRIZES of 10/-
1,000 PRIZES of 2/6	
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES	

THREE INCOMES FOR LIFE MUST BE WON!

HOW TO WIN A PENSION

HOW would you feel if you knew that every Saturday morning, as long as you live, the postman will be bringing along your JOHN BULL Pension?

Three entrants for *Bullets* Record Pensions Offer are soon to join the two JOHN BULL Pensioners whose names are above, and any reader, man or woman, can be one of them.

Spend a few well-filled minutes as directed below, and your reward may be an income for life—or a huge lump sum if preferred. Here are your materials, the *Examples* and the coupons. So set to work this very evening.

You have only to add Two, Three or Four Words of apt, original and carefully chosen comment to any of the *Examples* on this page and there is a *Bullet* which may make you independent for life.

As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* BREAKING THE FETTERS, the added words DAMSEL PREFERS TO "MENDING" would complete a typical *Bullet*.

On the opposite page we publish a winning *Bullet* which has just captured £2,000, as well as many other winning efforts. Study them carefully—then go ahead with your Pension Prize *Bullets*, entering them by Saturday, October 25.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(778) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(778) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(778) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Address Entries: "Bullets" (No. 778), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

CHOOSE those *Examples* which appeal to you as the basis of a good *Bullet*. Polish the phrasing of your efforts, see that they do not exceed four words, and make sure that you enclose the correct entry-fee as indicated

BREAKING THE FETTERS
HELPING RAMSAY
SELDOM LACKING
TRAVELLERS
AS THINGS ARE
POLITICIANS SAY
ONE CONSOLATION
SILENT TRIBUTE
APPETITE FOR WORK
IF THE WORLD TO-DAY
LADY OF LEISURE
GETTING BEHIND
FAR MORE
FALLING LEAVES

MUST BE RISE
THROUGH HER TEARS
ON THE PLATFORM
THE BOYS
CAST ASIDE
WITH A LIGHT HEART
A HOT TIME
SOARING TO SUCCESS
A MONEY-GRABBER
AGAINST THE TIDE
BETTER MAN
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS
CURIOUSLY

OFFICE COMEDIAN
UP TO THE MOMENT
REPAIRING THE DAMAGE
TO THE LAST
WITH A SQUEEZE
IDEAL
DARK DAYS
STATE OF MATRIMONY
SHIRKING
NOT TO BE FOUND
ONCE IN A LIFETIME
MUST GO
CUPID CAME ALONG AND

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order. See rules on page 38.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(778) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(778) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(778) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.

Signed _____
Address _____

ADDITIONAL PRIZE-WINNERS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £10, £5, £2, £1 and £1 respectively will be paid to the successful competitors whose efforts are placed in order of merit in the opinion of the Editor of JOHN BULL. His decision is final. Address "John Bull."

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Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 11/10/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

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Example:—Moving Mountains
Bullet.—Youth Prefers Moving Stairways.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. Cooney, 84, St. Paul's Road, Wallasey.

Example:—In India
Bullet:—"On Edge"—Avoid "Slip."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. E. BROOKER, Clifton Villa, Level Street, Brierley Hill
In India—Our Stay, Their "Stay."

D. J. DEVLIN, Beechwood Lodge, Leeds Road, Lightcliffe, Nr. Halifax.
Scientific Warfare—Forget *That*, Professor!

H. J. HALL, 61, Stafford Street, Hanley.
Chariot Of Progress—Drive Slowly Through—India!

F. HEATH, 453, Jockey Road, Sutton Coldfield.
Chariot Of Progress—Master And Man, "Two-seater."

W. T. HEPWORTH, 7, Ashfield Road, Newcastle.
In India—Our Sun's Setting? Moonshine!

Mrs. PEACH, View Cottages, Enderby.
Chariot Of Progress—Carrying Coals Past Middlemen.

Mrs. E. PRIDDLE, 12, Hyde Park Corner, Cambridge.
Test Of Skill—Marriage "Lottery" Develops Into.

J. G. PRIEST, 118, Highbury New Park, London, N.
Fertile Imagination—Led To Futile Emigration.

T. WADDINGTON, 21, Mirfield Street, Liverpool.
She's Wonderful, But—Seeking "Cups"—Overlooking "Dishes."

C. E. WELLS, 153, Croydon Road, Anerley, London, S.E.
Moving Mountains—Lifting Eiderdown, Monday Mornings.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. W. ADAMSON, 4, East View, Burnopfield.
Breaking Down—"Drives" One To Doctor. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. CHARLESWORTH, 1-1, London Street, Leek.
Talkie Star—That's All I "Understood."

W. G. COOK, 154, Akerman Road, Brixton, London, S.W.
Breaking Down—Formerly, Woman—Now, Barriers.

H. CURRIE, 44, St. John Street, Coatbridge.
Sporting Spirit—"Shoot, Johnnie! Well Saved!" (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss L. HOLDEN, 29, Bryan Road, Blackpool.
Spoilt—Village Fête—Rocket Damp!

P. MIGHTOM, 85, Murray Street, York.
What It's Coming To—"Carry Your Golf-links, Sir?"

A. SAGE, 48, Plempton Road, Leyton, E.
In Life—"Move Along" And "Please."

F. THORNTON, 9, Southern Road, Southport.
Chariot Of Progress—Left "Unattended"—Summons Politicians!

H. S. WALSH, Toddington, Beds.
With An Effort—Bridegroom Smiled Bride Cried.

P. WOODHAM, 20, Queen's Road, West Croydon.
Taming The Tiger—When Not Sweeping Circus!

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED

A list of 25 £1, 1,000 Bulleteer's Treasure Book, and 1,000 2/6 winners in No. 774 can be seen at these offices.

Help Yourself to Prizes!

EVERY week brings fresh tributes from big winners to our free weekly guide to the prize-list, *Bullets Bulletin*. Not long ago Mr. P. Taylor, 81, Sarehole Road, Birmingham, won 2,500 Guineas with its aid—and it may help you to become a *Bullets* Pensioner this week.

Its columns are packed with practical advice, news and encouragement for would-be winners, yet it is yours for the mere cost of postage. Regular readers are offered a free *Bullets* Pen, ideal for coupons.

You can obtain a post free specimen copy by sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Your better plan, however, is to send P.O. value 6d. (Crossed "& Co.," payable to JOHN BULL) to cover cost of postage on *Bullets Bulletin* for the next twelve issues available.

Address: Bulletin Dept., Odhams Press, Ltd., 19, Shorts Gardens, W.C.2.

"Examples" for "Bullets" No. 779.

(Not to be used for current contest.)

Fighting Adversity—Question For Ramsay—Hitting The Consumer—Shabby Treatment—A Love Thief—Tragic Result—Nobody Will Notice If—Declining—Feeding the Children—Money In Pocket—Taking—Painful Duty—The Chances Are—Financially Embarrassed—Thirsting For Reform—Almost Impossible—Why He's Busy—A Death Blow—Prizes Of Life—Feeling Sore—When We Lose—It's Very Funny, But—Whatever She Says—Unfit—Striking Change—Better Than Nothing—Fair Play's A Jewel—Start To-day—And All Her Own—Forgetting The Rules—Man Who's Just—Is Living Cheaper?

(Closing Saturday, November 1.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter in dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER
'NOTHING CAN BEAT IT.'
. . . I am lost without my JOHN BULL Pen in spite of having tried many others since the nib was broken. None can beat my old JOHN BULL pen.—Miss M. RONSON, 19, West View, Templetown, Consett, Co. Durham
Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.
Cash the Coupons!

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

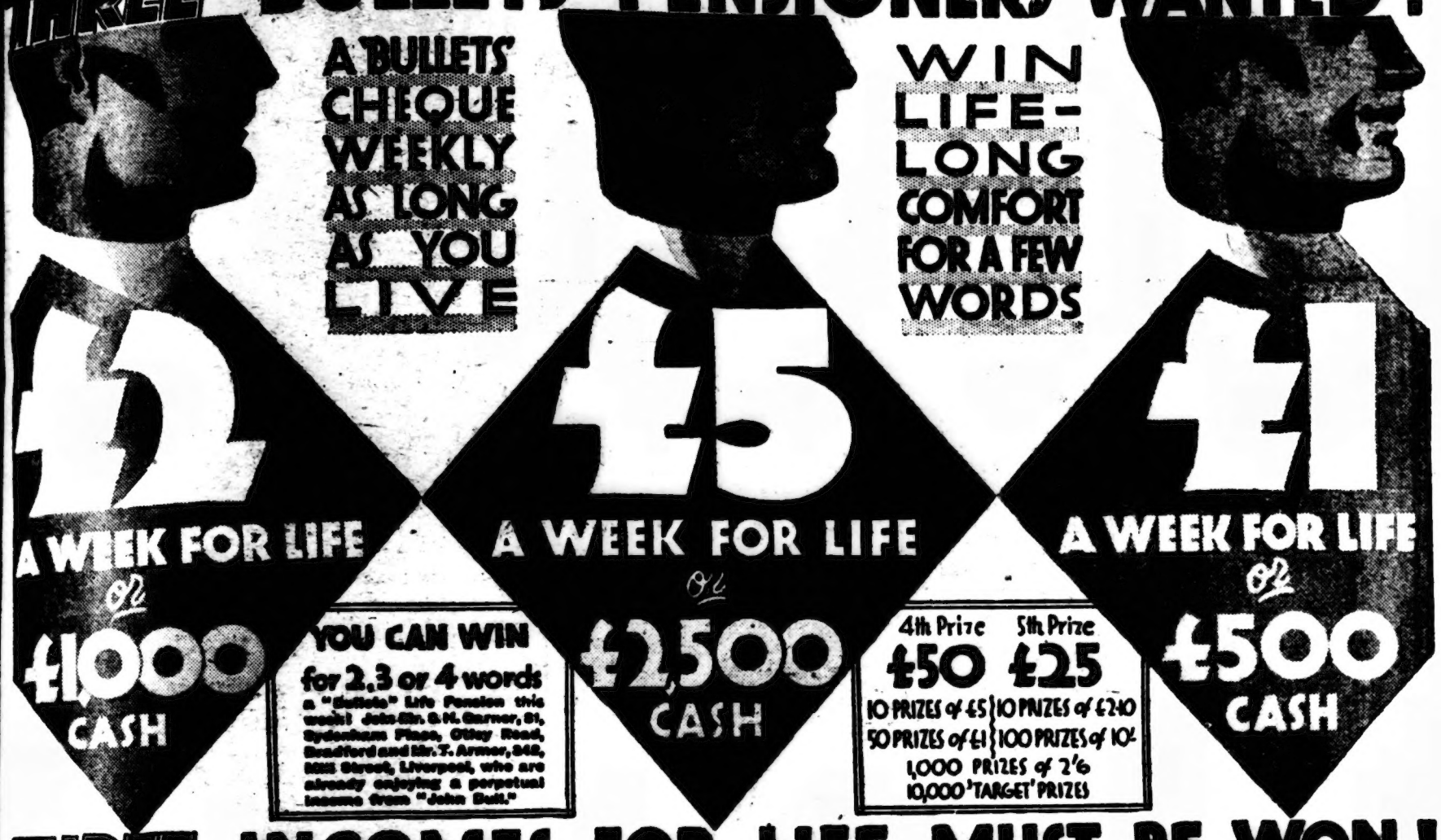
For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THREE 'BULLETS' PENSIONERS WANTED!



YOU CAN WIN

for 2, 3 or 4 words

a "Bullets" Life Pension this week! John Mr. G. H. Garner, 81, Sydenham Place, Otley Road, Bradford and Mr. T. Armer, 248, Mill Street, Liverpool, who are already enjoying a perpetual income from "John Bull."

4th Prize	5th Prize
£50	£25
10 PRIZES of £5	10 PRIZES of £2·10
50 PRIZES of £1	100 PRIZES of 10/-
1,000 PRIZES of 2/6	
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES	

THREE INCOMES FOR LIFE MUST BE WON!

HOW TO WIN A PENSION

HOW would you feel if you knew that every Saturday morning, as long as you live, the postman will be bringing along your JOHN BULL Pension?

Three entrants for *Bullets* Record Pensions Offer are soon to join the two JOHN BULL Pensioners whose names are above, and any reader, man or woman, can be one of them.

Spend a few well-filled minutes as directed below, and your reward may be an income for life—or a huge lump sum if preferred. Here are your materials, the *Examples* and the coupons. So set to work this very evening.

You have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt, original and carefully chosen comment to any of the *Examples* on this page and there is a *Bullet* which may make you independent for life.

As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* BREAKING THE FETTERS, the added words DAMSEL PREFERS TO "MENDING" would complete a typical *Bullet*.

On the opposite page we publish a winning *Bullet* which has just captured £2,000, as well as many other winning efforts. Study them carefully—then go ahead with your Pension Prize *Bullets*, entering them by Saturday, October 25.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

CHOOSE those *Examples* which appeal to you as the basis of a good *Bullet*. Polish the phrasing of your efforts, see that they do not exceed four words, and make sure that you enclose the correct entry-fee as indicated

BREAKING THE FETTERS
HELPING RAMSAY
SELDOM LACKING
TRAVELLERS
AS THINGS ARE
POLITICIANS SAY
ONE CONSOLATION
SILENT TRIBUTE
APPETITE FOR WORK
IN THE WORLD TO-DAY
LADY OF LEISURE
GETTING BEHIND
FAR MORE
FALLING LEAVES

MUST BE NICE
THROUGH HER TEARS
ON THE PLATFORM
THE BOYS
CAST ASIDE
WITH A LIGHT HEART
A HOT TIME
SOARING TO SUCCESS
A MONEY-GRABBER
AGAINST THE TIDE
BETTER MAN
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS
CUNNINGLY

OFFICE COMEDIAN
UP TO THE MOMENT
REPAIRING THE DAMAGE
TO THE LAST
WITH A SQUEEZE
IDEAL
DARK DAYS
STATE OF MATRIMONY
SHIRKING
NOT TO BE FOUND
ONCE IN A LIFETIME
MUST GO
CUPID CAME ALONG AND

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order. See rules on page 38.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Cut out each Coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 778, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 25
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(778) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s. Address _____

SPECIAL REMEMBRANCE PRIZES.—Cheques of £10, £5, £2, £1 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Competitor from whom the winners of the first five prizes in Competition No. 778 usually purchase "John Bull."